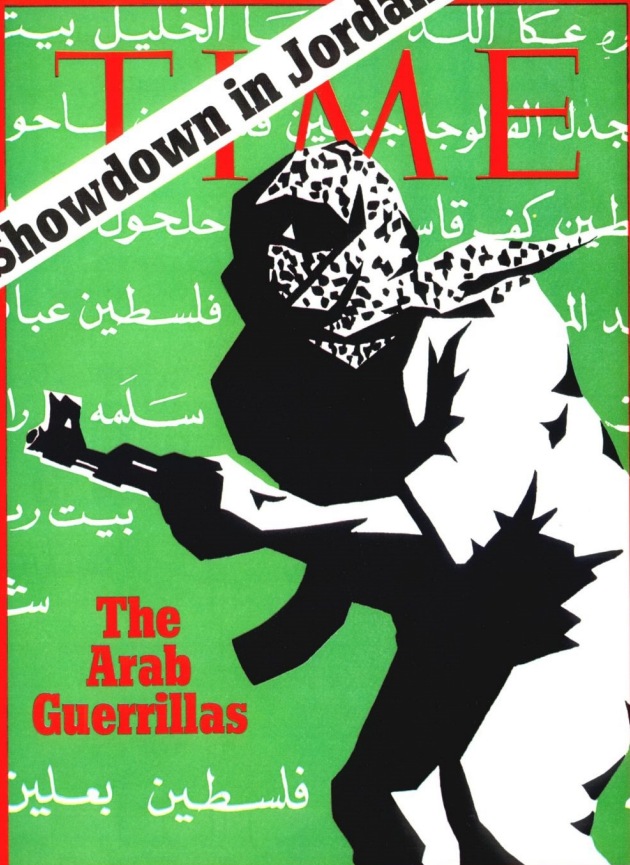


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LETTERS

Who's Laughing Now

Sir: As a subscriber to *Women's Wear Daily* I have been amused by the persistence of Mr. Fairchild to push the midi onto the American women [Sept. 14]. All year *WWD* has sung the praises of the Longuette and branded Xs over the knees of women, like Jackie O, who have been "caught short" in minis. Now *WWD* has the chutzpah to call their midi-clad favorites "fashion victims" because they "allow fashion to wear them rather than wearing the fashion that suits them." Is *Women's Wear Daily* laughing at its ability to turn women into trend-following sheep? You bet your BP.

(Mrs.) CANDY WARSHAW GLAZER
Richmond

Sir: Gosh, all those folks at *WWD* sound as real and relevant as their product. Gee, how exciting and meaningful to wage "vendettas against designers" and fearlessly forecast skirt lengths. Wow, that kind of contribution to society must be ever so satisfying. Golly, when the world heals and we are free to abdicate our maturity, maybe we too can devote our second childhood to being cute, bitchy and frivolous.

FRIVOLOUS E. BURNS
Glendale, N.Y.

Sir: The definitive balloting on *Women's Lib* will be conducted this fall. If the midi wins, back to *Kinder, Küche, Kirche* with the whole sorry lot of them!

MARVIN C. WACHS
Lexington, Ky.

Sir: May that hateful dictator and the bleating industry which he leads around by the nose all lose their fur-lined shirts on this graceless, hideous, frumpish monstrosity! I, for one, refuse to start looking like my own grandmother at the whim of this tyrannical male chauvinist.

(Mrs.) KATHY NEWMAN
Milwaukee

Essence of Entertainment?

Sir: Elliott Gould—"Star for an Upright Age" [Sept. 7]? No, not really. Elliott Gould is far more a "Star in an Upright Age" who helps us to feel less uptight for hours by bringing back the true essence of entertainment and thereby accord us pleasure in a world so often so serious and sad.

SHERYL J. NATHANS
Philadelphia

Sir: Elliott Gould's complaints do run on. His parents are incompetent louses, the man who started him in show business is a Fagin, the bust-up of his marriage is all what's-her-name's fault, and all his directors are just jerks in the end. Only his young son seems to have been spared such compulsive poor-mouthing—so far, Gould's irresponsible childishness on and off the screen may give a vicarious thrill to many who share his petulant self, but until he grows up, this mopegoer will continue to opt for the likes of Dustin Hoffman, Jack Nicholson and Alan Arkin.

JOHN MOORE
Washington, D.C.

Sir: You quote Gould's friend Bob Kaufman's changeable attitude (or

gradual disenchantment) toward directors, ending with a disparaging comment about Mervyn Le Roy. I am sure Kaufman did not intend to be unkind or unfair, but it is hard to accept such disparagement of a man whose credits include *I Am a Fugitive From a Chain Gang*, *Random Harvest*, *Waterloo Bridge* and the production of *Wizard of Oz*—and whose finest credit is that he is one of the gentlest, most civilized human beings around.

JEAN SEBERG
Geneva, Switzerland

Concerning the Cuties

Sir: I want to thank you for your unbiased reporting of *Women's Liberation* [Aug. 31].

Our local papers and TV newscasters ridiculed the whole movement mercilessly, with an "Aren't they cute?" attitude. It's a pleasure to see *TIME* greet our efforts with respectful and objective news reporting.

GAHAN K. PHILLIPS
Los Angeles

Sir: The "we-never-had-a-chance-because-we-were-poor-mistreated-women" philosophy that runs like a soggy rope through Kate Millet's account of her life reminds me of the spoiled child's age-old lament, "I didn't ask to be born." Never was a woman, in my opinion, so imprisoned by prejudice and resentment.

(Mrs.) DELORES BECKMAN
Rimrock, Ariz.

Sir: *Women's Lib*, as explained in Gloria Steinem's essay, offers some excellent

perspectives for improving the lot of both sexes.

But why must Liberation defeat its own feminist purpose by not letting us do what we do best: be feminine? I for one refuse to join the ranks until girls like Kate Millet keep their hair squeaky-clean and put their bras back on. I wear my Phi Beta Kappa key on a bracelet; what does Kate do with hers—scratch?

CLAUDINE WEED
Madrid

Sir: Black women are "largely absent from the ranks of *Women's Liberation*" groups because we have no real reason to be a part of them. Due to our circumstances, namely the selling and trading of our men, we have been matriarchs in our families by necessity. Now that black men are coming into their own, we are enjoying just being women.

(Mrs.) SHIRLEY A. EVES
Milwaukee

Open Invitation

Sir: I am prompted to write this letter to right a wrong done to Pontiac Motor Division and our nearly 18,000 employees.

In your issue of Sept. 7 you display a photograph of our assembly plant with a two-line caption which states that our plant is a "noisy, dirty place to work."

First of all, if you will look at the picture, there is no visible dirt; as for the noise level, two men in the photograph seemingly are not shouting at each other but conversing in a normal way. Incidentally, that picture was taken one year ago by your photographer and therefore could not represent any current situation anyway.

We have a longstanding open invitation that is extended to any and all newsmen to visit our plants with only 30 minutes' notice.

F.J. McDONALD
General Manager
Pontiac Motor Division
General Motors Corp.
Pontiac, Mich.

Don't Be Surprised

Sir: In your article concerning the spread of bombing by radicals across the U.S. [Sept. 7], you failed to note the reasons why liberal students are turning toward violence. Starting with small things, such as our pop festivals being closed down one after another, to the obvious: the continued Indochina war with no end in sight, the outrageous marijuana laws, the draft, hardhat violence, police harassment and on and on and on. If the Administration continues to ignore the plea of its young, don't be surprised if America is nothing but smoke and ashes by the end of the decade!

LAIRD MACDOWELL
Kensington, Md.

Sir: Radical bombings have all the elements of murder: criminal intent, premeditation, treachery, conspiracy and, usually, nocturnity and the use of motor vehicles. But radical bombers walk around arrogantly and defiantly and often enjoy the hero worship of some of their future victims.

CRISTY R. HERNANDEZ
Columbus

Walls and All

Sir: As an engineer interested in the practicality of things both electrical and me-

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Consulting Engineer: Shrum Engineering.



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Architect: Everett Associates.
Supervising Engineer: Paul T. Frankenfeld, P.E.
Consulting Engineer: John F. Gilboy Associates.



Mayfair Chateau Manor Apartments, Birmingham, Alabama.
Architect: Joseph Kott and Associates.
Engineer: Coulter Engineering.

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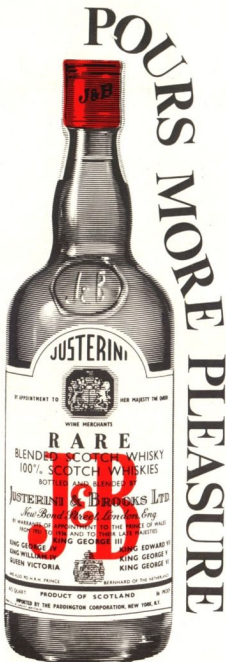
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chical, I was intrigued by the inventions and adventures of Rufus Porter [Sept. 7].

My first acquaintance with Porter's work came, however, when I found that the Howe house in Westwood was to be demolished. My neighbor, Francis Holland, and I decided to perform a rescue operation and remove the murals—walls and all. The operation was a success. Incidentally, as far as is known, the Howe house contained the only murals by Porter that were both signed and dated. His son, Stephen Twombly Porter, evidently helped on this particular work, as his signature also appears.

BENJAMIN HILDEBRANT
Westwood, Mass.

No Evidence

Sir: To prevent rumor through repetition being taken as fact, I want to specifically deny that the U.S. Government has any French police reports or any other reports for that matter indicating laxity in the enforcement of drug laws in France [Sept. 14]. Another variation of this story, which appeared in two Paris publications, suggests that we have evidence linking French political figures with the narcotics traffic. It is also without foundation.

The truth is that we do have a widespread and increasingly successful effort to choke off the drug traffic from Europe, and the government of President Pompidou is helping us in every way that it possibly can.

ARTHUR K. WATSON
U.S. Ambassador to France
Paris

Panther Explained

Sir: In TIME's story about Angela Davis [Aug. 31], it is stated that Huey P. Newton "called for others to follow the 'courageous example' of the courthouse shootings" in Marin County, Calif.

Mr. Newton did indeed cite the "revolutionary courage" of Jonathan Jackson, the black youth who sought to focus public attention on the gross injustices of our penal system by attempting to free the two prisoners who sat in that California courtroom. But neither in public statements nor in private conversation has Huey P. Newton called upon others to follow the example of these shootings. The distinction is an important one in view of Mr. Newton's and his party's, self-imposed ruling that weapons are to serve only in self-defense.

KAY BOYLE
Hollins College, Va.

Address Letters to TIME, TIME & LIFE Building, Rockefeller Center, New York N.Y. 10020.

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TIME

THE WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE
September 28, 1970 Vol. 96, No. 13

THE NATION

AMERICAN NOTES

Harvest Moon

Last week's full moon was the harvest moon, round and rich as the nation's produce has been this year. Across the plains, wheat farmers threshed bumper crops. Potato growers from Maine to Idaho were unearthing what should be a record yield—about 314 million hundredweight for the year. The hops of Oregon's Willamette Valley are in the sacks. The agri-business entrepreneurs of California's San Joaquin Valley have had another good year in cotton. The peach-

DUCK ROBERTS—RAPHO-GULLOWEY



TENNESSEE WHEATFIELD
Delight despite DDT.

es of Comus, Md., have rarely been juicier. *Helminthosporium maydis*—the wind-borne spore of Southern corn blight—has appeared in the richest corn fields of the American breadbasket, and the damage has been serious. Yet the U.S. will still have the third best corn crop in its history.

Life in cities and suburbs, where 70% of the nation's people now dwell, has disconnected most Americans from such rural satisfactions. But for all the eutrophication of lakes, the alarms about mercury in livestock and DDT on the vine, the land is still capable of yielding an astonishing bounty. For those whose food does not come entirely from cans and packages, it also provides a deep seasonal delight of harvest.

Midis Verboten

There is, after all, a place where American women might escape the oncoming tyranny of midi fashions, though it seems an extreme solution. Despite the normally puritanical attitude of most Communist regimes, East Germany's state fashion institute has pronounced its anathema on the midi. "Such creations do not agree with our active style of life," said a spokesman for the *Deutsches Mode-Institut*, which dictates styles to East German couturiers. "The main characteristics of our fashion are: young, optimistic and purposeful."

East Germany suffers no fabric shortage, but a conversion to the midi would cost thousands of production hours in the textile mills if they had to turn out sufficient cloth to drape the collective calf. It is one Communist conspiracy that American men might welcome.

Unradic-Lib

When *Ramparts* magazine seemed dead of financial anemia last year, Philanthropist Edgar Lockwood was one of four benefactors who scraped up \$200,000 to save the radical left's muck-raking monthly. Lockwood's name then appeared on the *Ramparts* masthead as a member of the board of directors. Last week his name showed up elsewhere in the magazine: at the end of a public letter of resignation. The editors printed a rebuttal. Spiro Agnew castigates "radical-liberals," but as the *Ramparts*-Lockwood exchange demonstrates, the terms are in most ways mutually exclusive.

Lockwood objected particularly to a July editorial in which *Ramparts* said that the system "cannot be revitalized [but] must be overthrown. As humanely as possible, but by whatever means necessary." Lockwood's thesis: "It is true that we live in revolutionary times and that profound change is needed . . . but I am not about to throw out the electoral process mindlessly for that reason." *Ramparts*' antithesis: "To strike fear into the hearts of the system's guardians has by now proved itself to be the only way of forcing politicians to minimal constitutional response."

Welcome to Chicago

Optimist of the year: Mayor Richard Daley, who last week said he hopes to have the Democrats back in Chicago for their convention in 1972—and the Republicans as well.



THE PRESIDENT ENGULFED

Nixon: The

MOST presidencies develop their own interior rhythms, cycles of public motion and private labor, of crisis and calm. Last week Richard Nixon began a new round of intense activity. At summer's end, congressional elections loomed in the middle distance, and for the first time Nixon saw his popularity in opinion polls dip below 50%. Campuses were reopening, bringing uneasy possibilities of violent dissent. The auto strike diluted optimism that the economy was at last beginning to right itself (see *BUSINESS*). And in the Middle East, earlier hopes for peace were rapidly unraveling. Nixon moved almost simultaneously on all fronts.

At the center of his concern was the Middle Eastern balance of power. As Palestinian guerrillas menaced the government of Jordan's King Hussein, Nixon met in Washington with Premier Golda Meir to discuss new United States aid to Israel. A day earlier, in an off-the-record meeting with Chicago newspaper editors, the President mentioned the possibility of American intervention in the Jordan crisis (see *WORLD*). His remarks



ADMIRERS AFTER LONDON LECTURE AT KANSAS STATE UNIVERSITY

Pursuit of Peace and Politics

amounted to a calculated leak warning Arabs to move cautiously. The Chicago *Sun-Times* published a story on it, which the White House made no real effort to deny.

Showing the Flag. In his broader Mideastern policy, the President advanced a strategy of somewhat less pugnacious pressures to persuade Russians, Arabs and Israelis alike of U.S. determination to find stability in the Mediterranean area. Even before the Jordanian outbreak of civil warfare, Nixon announced that he would leave at the first of next week for a nine-day European tour—his third trip overseas since he took office—that would deliberately take him around the Allied perimeter of the Mediterranean.

Nixon had been talking about the journey in general terms since the spring. Now it took on a special urgency. By his presence, the President means to show the flag in the Mediterranean, where Russian naval strength has been growing. The point will not be lost when he appears at sea on the bridge of the guided-missile cruiser *Springfield*,

a flagship of the Sixth Fleet, or when he calls on NATO's southern headquarters in Naples. His visit with General Franco in Madrid will be a much publicized reminder of the renewed agreement on American military bases in Spain, just across the water from the Russian missiles.

Three I's. Some other stops on Nixon's tour will be politically eclectic. In London, he will meet with British Prime Minister Edward Heath for the first time since Heath took office. In response to a longstanding invitation, Nixon will call on Yugoslavia's President Tito, underscoring the Administration's desire for good relations with Communist regimes of all stripes and at the same time its support for Yugoslavia's independence. Nixon is also hoping to repeat in Belgrade the exuberant success of his Rumanian visit of 14 months ago.

It takes no extraordinary fund of political cynicism to know that the President's trip is also geared to the American congressional campaigns. An axiom of U.S. politics dictates that Presidents

enhance their party's chances in such an election by asserting their leadership with a maximum of panoply and publicity. For no compelling diplomatic reasons, Nixon will stop in Rome to see Italian President Giuseppe Saragat and Pope Paul, and will later visit Ireland. He and Pat, after all, are of Irish blood. That makes two out of the three traditional ethnic I's—Italy, Ireland and Israel—that many traveling American politicians like to cultivate as election days approach. If it were not so diplomatically complicated, he might have liked to drop in on Israel as well.

In a political sense, Nixon's trip will be a foreign duplication of his excursions last week into the American countryside. The President flew first to Kansas State University in the gentle hill country of northeast Kansas, where longitude and attitude seem to intersect in quintessential definition of Middle America. There, if anywhere, the man of both coasts would find a spiritual home.

Plea for Civility. The occasion for the speech was as appropriate as the setting. It was the first of K-State's Alfred M. Landon Lectures this year, a gracious presidential gesture to the 83-year-old Kansan who survived his humiliation in 1936 at the hands of Franklin Roosevelt to become a minor elder

statesman of the Republican Party. K-State, as political instinct and the Secret Service informed Nixon, was a comparatively safe campus on which he could propound his ideas on radical violence; Nixon won the 1968 mock election there.

As it happened, Nixon enjoyed an advantage that he could not have foreseen. More than 15,000 people, mostly students, crammed into the university's cavernous field house—and in the back rows of the balcony were two dozen leftist hecklers. Wearing the school colors in a purple and white striped tie, the President launched into a variation on his inaugural theme of civility and lowered voices. "The time has come," he said, "for us to recognize that violence and terror have no place in a

DOE CARL STEFFEN



JUBILANT NIXON LEAVES KANSAS STATE
Finding a spiritual home.

free society." His speech was an appeal to "the rules of the game," a lucid and occasionally eloquent invocation of decency, self-restraint and mutual tolerance.

"Those who bomb," said Nixon, "who ambush policemen, who hijack airplanes, who hold their passengers hostage, all share in common not only a contempt for human life but also a contempt for those elemental decencies on which a free society rests." He carried the argument further, demanding an end to "passive acquiescence, or even fawning approval" of explosive radicalism. "What corrodes a society even more deeply than violence," he said, "is the acceptance of violence, the condoning of terror, excusing of inhuman acts in a misguided effort to accommodate the community's standards to those of the violent few."

Several laminations below the surface, beneath the overall tone of re-

straint, was a distinct firmness, even an oblique suggestion that if the universities could not control radical violence, then the Government would. Somewhat confusingly, the threat was contained in a denial that Government has any interest in campus intervention. "It is time," said Nixon, "for the responsible university and college administrators, faculty and student leaders to stand up and be counted." Whereupon nearly all of the audience stood up and cheered. "Because we must remember only they can save higher education in America," he went on. "If we turn only to Government to save it, then Government will move in and run the colleges and universities."

Crowd Orchestration. Even if it had been planned, no Brechtian genius could have staged the audience participation better. Before Nixon was 60 seconds into his speech, the platoon of hecklers began to shout: "Tell us about Kent State!" "Right on!" "Make more bombs!" The vast majority of the audience began a counterpoint of loud and sustained applause. Nixon, hearing the radicals, hurried his speech, with half-stops in his monotone. But his lines about "the willingness to listen to somebody without trying to shout him down" summoned up thunderous ovations.

Afterward, some K-State students expressed resentment at the role they had felt obliged to play. Said Rowan Conrad, a graduate student: "This was a pep rally. We've been used. He came here and staged us." Donna Diehl, a junior from Salina, Kans., almost apologized: "I disapproved of the hecklers. They were dumb and weren't accomplishing anything. I found myself clapping just to show them that I didn't approve." Obviously, however, much of the cheering was an uncomplicated endorsement of the President and his message.

Conventional Politics. Nixon justly regarded the speech as a political triumph and afterward waded into the student crowd for several minutes of ebullient handshaking. He later said that he regretted not being able to visit other, more militant campuses. Turning quickly to more conventional politics, he flew to Chicago to lend his prestige to Senator Ralph Smith's campaign against Adlai Stevenson III. While there, the President took the opportunity to meet with eight leaders of Chicago's large and politically powerful Polish community and at one point to press the flesh with a group of hardhat construction workers in the Loop.

There he participated in a warm ceremony welcoming 140 men and women of 37 nationalities who were about to become American citizens. Pat Nixon gave each new citizen an American-flag pin like the one the President wears in his lapel. Then all—including Candidate Smith—adjourned to a buffet table adorned with a large spun-sugar elephant.

THE VICE PRESIDENCY Agnew's Elastic List

Having written the charter for Radical-Liberal Club, Spiro Agnew is now going about the necessary business of drawing up bylaws and awarding membership cards. Not just anyone can get in, the Vice President has indicated. He may not have completed the screening process of all 57 Senate Democrats, but Agnew let the word drop in Palm Springs that only seven or eight of them really qualify "on a steady basis . . . day after day."

Associate memberships and some almost-memberships are also available. "Ten to 15 Senators can qualify for the designation from time to time," he announced. He did not say so, but the possibility exists that, depending on

WALTER BENNETT



AGNEW IN LAS VEGAS
Who qualifies for the club?

which point in time is involved, the anointed ten or 15 may be different Senators. In a full week of contentious campaigning, Agnew named only one full-fledged Radical-Lib, Senator Phil Hart of Michigan. But he placed Senator Joseph Montoya of New Mexico on the waiting list. Montoya, Agnew said, is "not necessarily a Radical-Liberal," but he certainly is a big spender.

Other Candidates. Spending alone will not win Montoya full membership; it depends on what the spending is for. Here are some of the characteristics Agnew ascribed to Radical-Liberals in his speech at a Republican dinner in Albuquerque: they are "neo-isolationists in foreign policy . . . obstructionists in Congress at a time when America's need is for progressives who will cooperate with our President . . . social permissivists." Radical-Libs resist anticrime bills, undercut the President abroad, excuse violence while they denounce the police,

support fast withdrawal from Asia, pooh-pooh pornography and keep religion out of the schools.

It is a list so broad that some Senate Republicans would qualify for public enrollment by name if Agnew were so inclined. But there is a substantial number of Democrats he may yet identify: Indiana's Birch Bayh and Iowa's Harold Hughes (their alliterative potential may make them doubly attractive to the Vice President), George McGovern of South Dakota, Albert Gore of Tennessee, Edmund Muskie of Maine, Joseph Tydings of Maryland, Edward Kennedy of Massachusetts.

His speeches continue to describe some of the real radicals—bombers of campus buildings, assassins of police. Then he almost invariably establishes a link between Weathermen or their ilk and liberal Democrats. In Albuquerque, he said: "Make no mistake. This radicalism that infects our Congress and poisons our country is at best a bizarre mutation of Democratic liberalism."

In Grand Rapids, his Radical-Liberals were "this little band of men guided by a policy of calculated weakness. They vote to weaken our defenses." Thus he attributes to those who vote for less than the Administration's military requests a deliberate decision to undercut preparedness. In the next sentence is Agnew's disclaimer: "These are not evil men. They are not disloyal men, or unpatriotic men."

THE CAPITAL

Being Candid with Kandy

When Martha Mitchell's runaway tongue provoked demands that Husband John silence her (TIME, Dec. 5), the Attorney General responded with the bemused suggestion that she speak henceforth in Swahili. Last week, his glacial restraint thawed by two Scotch-and-waters and the gentle prodding of Kandy Stroud, an attractive blonde reporter for *Women's Wear Daily*, John Mitchell topped even Martha at her loquacious best.

The Justice Department complained later that the conversation with Kandy at a Women's National Press Club party was not an interview, that her account was "inaccurate" and that it resulted from "fragmentary and overheard conversations at a social gathering." Kandy acknowledged that she had written from memory, having taken no notes during the exchange. But, because the quotes had a definite Mitchell-esque texture, Washington tapped up every word. Items from the published story:

► Henry Kissinger is "an egocentric maniac. He loves to appear in the newspapers with Jill St. John. But when he gets back to the office, he's really a brilliant man." (The term "egocentric maniac" would only have been spoken in jest, Mitchell aides maintain.)

► Arkansas Governor Winthrop Rockefeller, a Republican seeking a third term, will "win by buying the votes of the far

left or the hard right or the black vote."

► There is "no such thing as the New Left. This country is going so far right you are not even going to recognize it."

► "Stupid kids" who oppose Administration policies "don't know the issues. They pick the rhetoric that they want to hear right off the top of an issue and never finish reading to the bottom. The professors are just as bad, if not worse. They don't know anything. Nor do these stupid bastards who are ruining our educational institutions."

Some of the statements attributed to Mitchell were unexceptionable, such as his praise of President Nixon as "probably the most informed man in the U.S. today." But the Attorney General's zingers suggest that he and Martha might study Swahili together.



COLOMBIAN GIRL WITH U.S.-DONATED FOOD
The appropriations are shrinking.

FOREIGN AID

An End to Patchwork

As he confronted the dismaying prospect of extracting from Congress yet another year's worth of foreign-assistance money, President Nixon last week put forward a bold proposal: gradually dismantle the whole vast, cumbersome machine through which the U.S. has been dispensing aid to the poor nations of the world and rely instead on an expanded international model.

Ever since the Marshall Plan, aid has been one of America's chief foreign policy weapons. Yet for more than a decade, the once acclaimed program has faced increasing antagonism and steadily shrinking appropriations (current request for economic aid: \$1.85 billion, compared with last year's request of \$2.28 billion and appropriation of \$1.46 billion). There has been resentment in recipient nations over the American pres-

ence and conditions that accompany financial help, resentment in Congress over inefficiency and the commingling of military and economic goals, resentment among taxpayers over politically portrayed "giveaways."

Untying Assistance. Last March a presidential task force under the Bank of America's Rudolph Peterson proposed a drastic revision. Its chief feature: over a period of time, do away with most direct, two-party arrangements and replace them with a multilateral system in which the haves combine to help the have-nots. The idea had been advocated by reformers for some time, against the objections of critics who argue that if the U.S. was going to spend all that money, it should at least be clearly labeled as coming from America and not disappear into some international pool. But the President approved Peterson's proposal, agreeing that U.S. interests would be best served if international lending agencies, and not the U.S., disburse most of the tax dollars that Congress appropriates. Nixon warned that an increase of U.S. aid will be required in the '70s, but he felt that the money could be spent more efficiently and with far fewer political entanglements. Pending details to be supplied in legislation next year, these are the main features of the proposal:

► Dismemberment of the Agency for International Development, which now oversees almost all U.S. aid and whose bureaucracy has swollen in inverse proportion to the funding of its programs. It would be replaced by three smaller agencies: the U.S. International Development Corporation, to manage some direct economic assistance as well as humanitarian programs such as disaster relief; the U.S. International Development Institute, to oversee technical assistance such as birth control programs and economic planning; and an as yet undefined authority, presumably responsible directly to the White House, to superintend all foreign economic policies, including trade as well as aid. Nixon is also attempting to solve a continuing problem of stability in the aid program—the uncertainty of just how much Congress will appropriate each year—by proposing that future funding for the development corporation and institute be set for a few years at one time.

► Total separation of military from economic aid. Though AID is organizationally responsible for arms aid now, in practice the Defense Department administers it, and would probably do so officially under the new system.

► Support for the creation of an international insurance agency, proposed by the World Bank, to protect private investors from political acts, as when a government expropriates foreign property.

► International agreement among the industrialized nations of the world to "untie" their foreign aid and permit recipient nations to spend the money wherever they think they can get the most for it. At present, 90% of the money provided by the U.S. must be spent on

American products; in practical terms, perhaps \$300 million could be spent elsewhere in the absence of that requirement. A good deal of the potential loss to the U.S. would be made up by new customers with the untied funds of other industrialized nations to spend.

Even before such an international agreement—which may be long in coming—Nixon announced a partial untangling of U.S. aid. Receiving nations will now be able to spend their money in any other undeveloped country, but not in an industrialized one (except the U.S.). For example, Tanzania will be able to spend U.S. funds in neighboring Uganda to purchase concrete for road building instead of being compelled to shop in the U.S. at considerably higher cost. In the process, the economy of Uganda, which also receives American aid, will be helped. Such examples may not be numerous, however, since the things undeveloped nations most want can be pur-

chased only in industrialized countries.

Central to the Nixon proposals are the 112-member World Bank, the International Development Association and the Inter-American Development Bank, through which U.S. aid funds would be increasingly channeled. Under the direction of former Defense Secretary Robert McNamara, the World Bank last year granted \$1.8 billion in so-called "hard" loans, at 7% interest with money raised through the sale of bonds, and \$385 million in interest-free and very low interest "soft" loans that do not have to be repaid for 50 years.

The U.S. has much to gain and little to lose from funneling its funds through the bank. The bank's American executive director—each major contributing nation has one—holds an absolute veto over the use of U.S. funds in any proposed loan; negotiations are conducted on a businesslike basis and political pressures are minimized.

An early test of congressional attitudes toward the reform may come over a Nixon proposal to double the U.S. contribution to the World Bank's soft-loan fund, from \$160 million to \$320 million a year. If that measure passes, the diversion to multilateral aid will take a large step forward. Opposition to all such expenditures is widespread. Friend and foe alike, however, will be attracted by one aspect of the Nixon proposals: a substantial cut in the 17,344 full-time and temporary employees of AID. Says one White House official of the employees of the agencies replacing AID: "Think in terms of hundreds rather than thousands."

One man Nixon would like to employ again, at least temporarily, is Task Force Director Peterson. Nixon wants him to return long enough to help guide the reforms through Congress. To win that fight will be to end a philosophy of giving that has become, in Nixon's words, "patched up and painted over."

Box Score on Reform

If ours is not to be an age of revolution, it must be an age for reform.

EXRESSED early in his Administration by President Nixon and often repeated since, this aspiration may become one principal gauge by which the Nixon presidency is measured in the future. For an essentially conservative President, he has shown surprising willingness to embrace innovation. The Administration's drastic new plan for overhauling foreign aid is the latest example. Taken together, the reform proposals represent a remarkable formula for progress, and if they came to fruition would mark the Nixon era as one that instituted major changes on the American scene. Nothing much has happened yet, but the plans can be credited at least with stimulating public discussion, an inevitable first step toward acceptance.

There have been some concrete successes. Nixon is well on the way to achieving a historic reconstruction of the postal service, ending its status as a quadrantal patronage prize and placing it in the hands of a semi-independent corporation. He has made Selective Service more equitable. He has reorganized the key decision-making and administrative apparatus of the White House. In foreign and military affairs, Nixon has formulated and begun to accomplish a gradual but potentially significant pull-back in both commitments and forces—a more realistic alignment of policy with power. Other reforms, however, have faltered. Among them:

WELFARE. In a bold move that could drastically alter government's attitude and obligations toward the nation's poor, the Administration has proposed scrapping the chaotic jumble of federally assisted state welfare programs. Replacing

them would be a uniform federal program based on the pioneering concept that the U.S. should assure every poor family a specified minimum annual income. The family-assistance bill is languishing in the Senate Finance Committee, partly because it was technically deficient as first proposed. It has been attacked by liberal Democrats who want the income level raised. Most Republicans on the committee also oppose it, and as of last week the President was still unable to change their minds.

REVENUE SHARING. A cornerstone of the Administration's concept of a "New Federalism," the plan would give the states an automatic share of federal tax revenues.



"LET ME MAKE TWO THINGS CLEAR. FIRST: THE COUNTRY IS IN FINE SHAPE. AND SECOND: CONGRESS IS TO BLAME FOR THE MESS WE'RE IN."

nues. This would theoretically enable government functions to be performed more effectively at lower levels. The bill has not even had committee hearings. Chairman Wilbur Mills of the House Ways and Means Committee objects to it because he does not believe the Federal Government should give grants to states without attaching controls over how the money is used. The committee's ranking Republican, Wisconsin's John Byrnes also opposes the measure.

BLACK CAPITALISM. One of the few Nixon programs that blacks in particular could embrace, it sought to encourage private business and financial firms to support and invest in black-run enterprises. Nothing much has come of it, and the Administration has even stopped talking about it as an urgent goal. The reasons are multiple: the economic recession, the reluctance of bankers to extend funds, the shortage of experienced black businessmen and the lack of practical Administration leverage.

PHILADELPHIA PLAN. Designed to help blacks break into some of the restrictive trade unions, the Philadelphia Plan accepted the controversial idea that government can set racial quotas for construction workers on projects it finances. It was tried with much publicity in Philadelphia, but it has become mired in litigation. Even the Administration admits that there has been little progress.

ELECTORAL COLLEGE. Although he has shifted ground on just how it ought to be achieved, Nixon has endorsed the abandonment of the Electoral College. After a constitutional amendment providing for direct popular election of the President and Vice President passed the House, Nixon supported that approach. But last week the measure was left in limbo in the Senate when its supporters

Democrats: Defensive Politics

ALONG with all their other woes, the Democrats are suffering from a bad case of me-tooism. Accused of being too permissive toward radicals and, virtually, of advocating violence, many liberal Democrats have not until recently bothered to deny such charges. Polls and other soundings have persuaded them that they must indeed respond, thus putting them in the impossible position of having to outdo Agnew & Co. on law-and-order.

In Chicago, Senator Edmund Muskie called for safety in the streets as Chicago Mayor Richard Daley, the party heavy since the tumultuous 1968 convention, beamed his approval. In a speech, Senator Edward M. Kennedy termed militant disrupters "campus commandos" who must not only be deterred but repudiated, "especially by

those who may share their goals."

During his successful campaign for the Democratic Senate nomination in Minnesota, former Vice President Hubert Humphrey strummed a persistent chord: "There can be no alternative to public safety." Little more than a year ago, Humphrey was speaking of "patriots of dissent, filled with anger and indignation who deserve our thanks, not our rebuke." Party Chairman Lawrence O'Brien, currently on a combined speechmaking, fund-raising, strategy-planning tour, rarely fails to stress Democratic devotion to a disciplined, though dissenting society.

If Democrats succeed in neutralizing the permissiveness issue, party leaders are confident that economic problems will emerge as their best talking point, particularly among working-class fam-

ilies. Most of the Democrats are hitting this theme regularly. A Gallup poll showed last week that only 25% of voters polled believe that the Republican Party is best able to maintain prosperity; 40% favor the Democrats on this question.

Should pocketbook assume primacy over social questions, the Democrats figure that they can readily retain control of Congress despite the high risk that stems from having so many of their Senate seats up for challenge. Ordinarily, the out party gains in off-year elections, but the Democrats are painfully short of campaign funds and lack powerful, recognized leadership. The weakness at the top is partially offset by a number of strong candidates in individual races.

Nine-Time Loser. Both Humphrey and Senator Henry Jackson of Washington easily turned aside primary challenges by little-known Negro peace can-

didates last week, adding to the evidence that the war has been at least temporarily defused as a pervasive issue. Of 35 Democrats seeking Senate seats this year, at least a dozen, including Humphrey, Jackson, Muskie, Kennedy, Majority Leader Mike Mansfield and Rhode Island's John Pastore, are conceded to be certain winners. In Illinois and California, Democrats Adlai Stevenson III and John Tunney are exploiting their famous names and their foes' drab records; they may well pick up Republican-held seats. In New York and Vermont, Democrats Richard Ottinger and Philip Hoff are given good chances to offset party losses elsewhere by ousting Incumbents Charles Goodell and Winston Prouty.

Republicans, who must make a gain of seven to control the Senate, are concentrating on Democratic-held seats in Tennessee, Florida, New Jersey, Indiana, Utah, Nevada, Wyoming, North Dakota

could not muster a two-thirds majority to cut off a low-key filibuster against it. One reason was that Nixon declined to do any lobbying, even among Republicans, to support the change.

EARLY EDUCATION. Last year Nixon announced that the Administration would commit itself to finding new means of attacking social ills by concentrating attention on the very young. The central idea was that the first five years of life are crucial and that educational and health programs must be devised for needy children. The implication was that the focus of previous Administrations on Head Start and elementary school aid for children in poverty areas was worthwhile but too late for maximum effectiveness. Partly because of a lack of energetic follow-through, one of the few results has been the creation of an Office of Child Development in HEW.

In its efforts to sell the reforms, the Administration has shown both ineptness and lack of zeal. Nixon's legislative aides tend to frame many of these issues into a them-v.-us contest as they antagonize rather than persuade the lawmakers. They seem to disdain the kind of backroom manipulation so necessary to effect compromise instead of deadlock. Nixon the Reformer himself often displays a distinct lack of enthusiasm and effort after introducing proposals, perhaps because of his curiously aloof style of leadership, perhaps because he is trying not to antagonize conservatives unduly.

Yet setbacks obviously cannot be blamed wholly on the Administration. Nixon faces tough resistance in an opposition-controlled Congress; Liberal Democrats seem to be automatically suspicious of anything he proposes, even an idea close to one they have long promoted. At the same time, innovations are often opposed on ideological grounds by conservatives of both parties—and by Washington's entrenched bureaucrats.



MUSKIE CAMPAIGNING IN LEWISTON, ME.

How to outdo Agnew?

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Nine-Time Loser. Both Humphrey and Senator Henry Jackson of Washington easily turned aside primary challenges by little-known Negro peace can-

and New Mexico. In Maryland, where Democrat Joseph D. Tydings once seemed invulnerable, the Republicans also have a chance with J. Glenn Beall Jr. Tydings was renominated last week, but made a poor showing against George Mahoney, a nine-time loser.

Tardy Revere. How the more prominent Democrats fare this fall, both as individual candidates and as campaigners for other nominees, will establish the early form for the 1972 nominating competition. No one doubts that, as a freshman Senator, Humphrey will be an available—but hardly compelling—contender. Muskie is easily the current favorite. Last week he flew to Illinois, back to Washington, and out again to California in quest of money and votes for fellow Democrats and exposure for himself. He still suffers from an aura of passivity. A taunt from Eugene McCarthy last week summed it up: "If Muskie had been Paul Revere, he'd have

shouted during the warning ride, 'The British have been here for the past four days.'"

Sargent Shriver has already visited 17 states and will appear in 19 more on behalf of Democratic congressional candidates. Though he has never held an important elective office, he has obviously begun to have ideas about starting at the top. "I don't dwell on the presidency," he insists, "but I don't exactly dismiss it, either."

Senator George McGovern is again fanning his fragile presidential hopes. He has opened an office in Washington and is sounding out sentiment in key states. Senators Birch Bayh, Walter F. Mondale and Harold Hughes occupy the dark-horse stable; former Attorney General Ramsey Clark and New York Mayor John Lindsay, a tenuous Republican, may rent stalls in it. Though a great deal can happen before 1972, they will find Ed Muskie a considerable way around the track.

FRANK KELLY—BOSTON HERALD TRAVELER



LOUISE DAY HICKS

They knew where she stood.

PRIMARIES

New Politics and Old

Successful political candidates usually ascribe their victories to the wisdom of the voters. But not the Rev. Robert Drinan, the Jesuit who last week upset Congressman Philip Philbin, a 14-term House veteran, in the Massachusetts Democratic primary. "It was a miracle," said Drinan, who is on leave from his deanship at Boston College Law School. It was, however, something a lot more mundane that made Drinan almost a sure bet to become the first Catholic cleric in 145 years to go to Congress.

An outspoken dove, Drinan blended new technology and causes with the old techniques of ward politics. Fifty young campaign workers oversaw a house-by-house survey that reached 75% of the Democratic voters in his district that includes liberal Boston suburbs and rural upstate towns. The can-



FATHER ROBERT DRINAN

Computers turned out the votes.

vassers fed the householders' views on the issues into computers, then followed up with mailings. When an election-day rainstorm held the vote down, Drinan's staff assembled 250 student volunteers in an hour's time and put them to work driving the computer-identified faithful to the polls.

Vain Reminder. Drinan's well-honed campaign was made possible by the peace movement's decision not to hobble its effectiveness by splitting its votes among several dove candidates, as had happened in 1968. A "citizens' caucus" nominated Drinan, then threw money and volunteers behind him. Drinan, 49, conducted an expensive television campaign and was photographed with such prominent personalities as New York Mayor John Lindsay and former Attorney General Ramsey Clark.

Philbin, 72, barely bestirred himself. He relied on the state's tradition of re-nominating House incumbents. He also reminded voters that, as No. 2 man on the Armed Services Committee, he attracts defense spending to the district. That approach had been effective in the past, but not against Drinan's young machine. The count was Drinan, 28,612, Philbin, 22,132.

In Boston proper, it was the hard-lining, non-campaigning candidate who won nomination for Congress. City Councilwoman Louise Day Hicks captured the Democratic designation for the seat held by House Speaker John McCormack, who is retiring. Mrs. Hicks made her name three years ago with her vociferous opposition to school busing for integration. Pre-campaign poll showed that all but 1% of the voters knew who she was. So she ran a subliminal campaign that avoided public forums and policy statements and concentrated on kaffeeklatsches.

"The hardhats," she says, "they're my

kind of people." One TV station offered her seven opportunities to debate her lesser-known opponents, Black Lawyer David Nelson and State Senator John Moakley; she refused, counting on the public's memory of where she stood. She won with 39% of the vote, and may run for mayor of Boston next year.

Suburban Victory. The man who beat Mrs. Hicks in her mayoral race, Kevin White, lost his own city last week, but carried the suburbs and won the Democratic gubernatorial nomination. White was in a four-way fray with State Senate President Maurice Donahue, former Lieutenant Governor Francis Bellotti and Kenneth O'Donnell, one of John Kennedy's closest political aides. O'Donnell ran a poor fourth, thereby holding to the losing pattern among former J.F.K. associates who run for office. White faces an uphill fight against incumbent Republican Francis Sargent.

Edward Kennedy was unopposed for his party's senatorial nomination. The principal interest in the Senate primary was focused on the identity of Kennedy's Republican opponent. G.O.P. voters chose Josiah Spaulding, the former Republican state chairman, over John McCarthy, onetime state commissioner of administration and finance. McCarthy had promised a no-holds-barred race that would not shy away from attacking Kennedy's conduct after the Chappaquiddick accident last summer. Spaulding says that he will campaign on Kennedy's Senate record, asserting that Kennedy has not kept his 1962 campaign promise to "do more for Massachusetts." Whatever the Republican approach, Kennedy still seems unbeatable in his home state.

THE CONGRESS

Business Almost as Usual

In the words of one of its leading members, Missouri Democrat Richard Bolling, the House of Representatives is "ineffective . . . negative . . . Its procedures, time-consuming and unwieldy, mask anonymous centers of irresponsible power. Its legislation is often a travesty of what the national welfare requires." Last week, facing an opportunity to alter that image, the House left it largely intact.

In a bill valued more for nomenclature than substance (it was misnamed the Legislative Reorganization Act), the House carefully nurtured the appearance of reform while indulging in it only slightly. Before voting, members carefully gutted key provisions, then whopped through the remnants, 326 to 19. The Senate is unlikely to consider the measure this late in the session; not even the surviving provisions are expected to become law.

Commentary. The measure that passed is being trumpeted as genuine reform because the sole remaining provision of more than housekeeping importance would indeed end one venerated tradition. To speed up their vot-

ing procedures, House members have frequently adopted the practice of simply walking past tellers who count them as for or against an amendment. Under the new provision, Congressmen will be recorded; and the people who elected them—if interested—will be able to learn how they voted. That it has taken the House until 1970 to bestow such a beneficence on the electorate is a commentary in itself. Secret votes in committee session were also barred, and the salaries of Congressional aides must now be reported in full.

What was not enacted was of greater significance. Proposed modification of the seniority system was defeated. Members will still be able to vote by proxy in committee. They will also be able to indulge their habit of changing the *Congressional Record's* verbatim reports of what is said on the floor.

Most telling, perhaps, was the fate of a proposal that recognized the potential role of computers in simplifying

RACES

Death in Desire

The streetcar no longer runs on Desire Street, but New Orleans does have a housing project there named Desire. It is torn by frustrations and passions as brutal as anything in Tennessee Williams' play. It is also dirty, crime-ridden and crowded as any black ghetto in the North. Of its 10,500 residents, 61% belong to families that earn less than \$3,000 a year. Alarmed by the report of one of his black appointees, who described the area as "potentially explosive," Mayor Moon Landrieu was scheduled to make a tour of it last week. The slum erupted before he got there.

Two unrelated incidents touched off another of the all too familiar shoot-outs between black extremists and police. First, a meeting of the National Committee to Combat Fascism (N.C.C.F.), a Black Panther-allied orga-

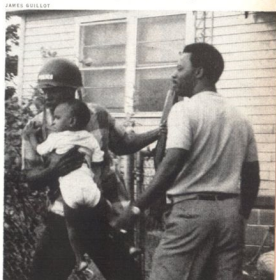
immediately planned a raid on the clapboard house. They alerted newsmen, then sent some 100 steel-helmeted officers to assault the building shortly after dawn. Shots of unknown origin were heard, and police opened fire with automatic rifles and shotguns. Some of the ammunition was powerful enough to rip through three rooms and emerge from the building's opposite wall. Police caught return fire, some from the building, other shots apparently from elsewhere in the project. The besieged were presumably saved from death or injury by sandbags they had piled against their walls. After 15 minutes of battle, the blacks were routed and arrested. Sixteen were charged with attempted murder. Police seized eleven shotguns, one rifle, two pistols, 887 shotgun shells.

Though the N.C.C.F. carries relatively little weight with most residents of the Desire project, the police tactics enraged many of them. Officers and residents exchanged curses and glares



NEW ORLEANS POLICE GUARDING ARRESTED BLACKS

The streetcar is gone, but frustrations remain.



EVACUATING NEIGHBORHOOD RESIDENCE

and speeding the work of Congress. Legislators find themselves increasingly inundated by tons of laboriously produced reports. It was proposed, therefore, that a computer data bank be established to provide prompt and comprehensive information for lawmakers who want to do their homework properly.

Because the bill called for a joint House-Senate committee to have jurisdiction over the computers, the House rejected them, fearing that the acquisitive "other body" would eventually gain primary control of the machinery. Thus the House declined to enter more fully into the computer era, long since inhabited by private industry, unions, the Government's executive branch, and soon—if the recommendations of Chief Justice Warren Burger are heeded—by the Judiciary. However, the House left unaffected the use of computers for what is called "members' services"—such things as mailings to constituents.

nization, discovered that two members were police informants. Called "Bush" and "Legs," the two said they were grilled at gunpoint, hit with boards studded with nails and then, as one participant put it, pushed into the street to "let the people deal with them." They were attacked by a mob until one escaped over a fence and the other found sanctuary in a grocery store operated by Clarence Broussard, a black accused of exploiting project residents. Police conceded that Bush and Legs were undercover agents.

Through the Walls. A few hours later, two black police officers drove into Piety Street to see why a sports car was burning across the street from the N.C.C.F. building. Without warning, a bullet smashed through the windshield of the patrol car slightly injuring both men.

Assuming that the shot had come from the N.C.C.F. headquarters, police

throughout the day. That night, four black officers hid in Broussard's grocery after hearing that it would be fire-bombed by black militants angry at the shopkeeper.

A mob did approach, some members carrying Molotov cocktails. Police and civilian witnesses differ on who opened fire first, but shooting broke out. Some of the firing apparently was done by Broussard and another jittery grocery-store owner, Sidney Forman. When the shooting was over, three blacks were wounded and a fourth lay motionless under a street lamp for more than two hours; both police and residents feared to present themselves as targets in the light. The man, Kenneth Borden, 24, was dead when residents finally reached him. Sporadic violence, mostly fire-bombings, continued nightly in and outside the project, as the death in Desire stirred racial passions throughout much of the Crescent City.



CHINATOWN COPS & INTERPRETER (ca. 1900)
Tools of the trade: axes and sledgehammers.

CITIES

The Corruption Index

How much is a police directorship worth? In Newark, about \$15,000. That figure was in Mayor Kenneth Gibson's Dow-Jones of bribes he has been offered during the first 24 months of his administration. In all, Gibson said last week, \$31,000 could have been his for making certain appointments. The offers came in anonymous notes and calls and included propositions of 10% kickbacks on city construction programs.

It was such graft that led to the conviction of his predecessor, Hugh Adonizio, on 64 charges of extortion and conspiracy. The offers to Gibson are being investigated for possible prosecution of the would-be donors.

Gibson disclosed the figure at a meeting of Newark's Chamber of Commerce, adding, "I challenge you not to offer any money to anyone in the city administration for the next four years." Gibson, whose annual salary is \$35,000, said he would not know what to do with the bribes: "I couldn't put it under the mattress and I couldn't put it in the bank."

The Chinatown Detail

For corruption, vice and violence, few cities could match 19th century San Francisco. Opium dens, brothels, gambling parlors, Shanghai saloons and gangs flourished by dint of maximum bribes to police and minimum legal scrutiny. Civic morality occasionally counterattacked the Barbary Coast and its adjunct, Chinatown; in 1875 authorities formed an elite corps of policemen to check Chinatown's bloody tong wars.

The Chinatown detail's first action—against the secret protection societies whose Mafia-like gang wars had terrorized Chinatown—was in the style of

the times. The cops descended on tong headquarters with axes and smashed everything in sight. The subsidence of the tong wars was due less to the squad's enforcement than to battle attrition, but the Chinatown detail stayed. Ignorant of Chinese customs and language, the cops often reminded local residents of the tyrannical blue-jacketed officials of the Emperor's court. The detail went undercover—in heavy serge suits, bowlers and handle-bar mustaches. Generations of San Franciscans grew up on pulp-magazine accounts of their exploits.

In 1921 the group underwent another sartorial change, this time as longshoremen. The slouch-cap and high-necked-sweater camouflage was given away by their standard weaponry—pickaxes and sledgehammers. However, the unit evolved into what one member called "probably the first community-relations bureau in the country." The policemen learned some Chinese and provided a link between the Chinese population and the bureaucracy of a bewildering Western society.

Last week, after 95 years, the Chinatown detail, already reduced to only six men, was dissolved. Some leaders of the law-abiding Chinese community

felt that the detail represented a subtle discrimination. No other ethnic neighborhood has a special police force, Police Chief Alfred Nelder said: "The time has come when they should be more identifiable in a uniform." But one of the Chinatown detail men who put on the blues for the first time had another viewpoint: "It was a lot easier to be friends without the uniform."

POLICE

The Humane Gun

In *Dick Tracy*, Cartoonist Chester Gould often anticipates events and inventions long before they become reality. Along with Diet Smith, Tracy beat the astronauts to the moon by seven years. The intrepid detective talked into a two-way wristwatch-radio before the transistorized version was invented. Now Tracy has introduced the "humane" pistol. It fires a cartridge that on impact spurts a slippery, tranquilizing liquid that upsets the footing of a fleeing suspect and immobilizes him for half a minute—just enough time to slip on the handcuffs.

The times have almost caught up with Gould. A California firm has just marketed the Stun Gun, which shoots a compressed four-inch-square nylon bag filled with either lead powder or birdshot. Fired from modified carbines, pistols or even nightsticks, the bag unfolds like a spinning pancake when it leaves the weapon's muzzle at 110 m.p.h. It will knock down—or at least stun—a fleeing suspect or a rioter. But, claims the manufacturer, the impact is not fatal. A Chicago police official disagrees: "Anything is lethal if it's fired at close enough range. Who are they trying to kid?"

A Hell of a Bruise. The police of Berkeley, Calif., plagued regularly by demonstrations around the University of California campus, are enthusiastic about the Stun Gun. Captain Charles Plummer, who with three other Berkeley officers served as a guinea pig for the weapon, reported that "it left one hell of a bruise. But if I were a rioter, I think I'd prefer that to buckshot."

The Stun Gun has yet to see action, but a number of police departments have ordered it. Among the organizations that have placed orders are two campus patrol forces.



DICK TRACY VERSION OF HUMANE WEAPONS
This time the real cops have caught up with him.

fight music pollution



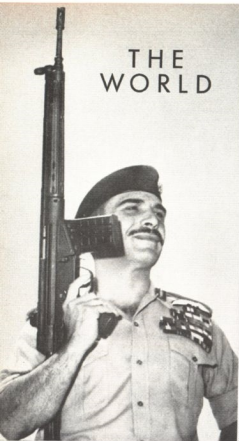
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The quality goes in before the name goes on

THE WORLD



HUSSEIN IN UNIFORM

GUERRILLAS SETTING UP

Jordan: The King Takes On

AS he fiddled with the dials on his short-wave set in Essex last week, a young British ham radio operator heard a familiar call signal from a Middle East station. "This is JY-one," the deep, British-accented voice could be heard over the crackle of the static. "Hussein on the mike." With that, the beleaguered King of Jordan proceeded to discuss the situation outside his well-fortified Al-Hummar Palace on the outskirts of Amman. "We get a bit of blasting here," said Hussein. "It is a sad time. But we are putting our house in order and soon it will be organized."

A bit of blasting was a mild way of describing the explosion that rocked the Hashemite kingdom of Jordan last week. Civil war was a more apt description of the battle that had erupted only hours before JY-one came on the air. Savage street battles raged in Amman between Hussein's army and the fedayeen ("men of sacrifice") of the Palestine guerrilla organizations. While the capital's 600,000 residents hid in terror, armored vehicles rumbled up and down the streets, swinging their turrets to counter small-arms fire from nearby buildings. Swiftly, the fighting spread from Amman to other parts of Jordan, centering particularly in towns to the north close to the Syrian border, where the guerrillas were able to put up their greatest resistance. Casualties were heavy. In the Six-Day War with Israel three years ago, Jordan suffered only 162 dead and wounded. Last week, after three days of intensive fighting, re-

ports put the casualties at more than 5,000 in a nation of 2,200,000. Bodies lay in the streets and the Jordan Red Crescent reported that there were "hundreds of wounded dying in the streets or in the wreckage of their homes for lack of medical aid."

Widening Ripples

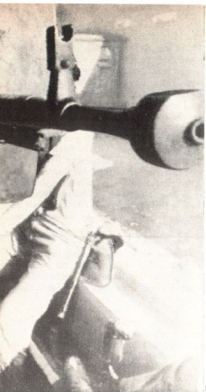
So sensitive is the Middle East's political seismograph that even as Arab leaders tried to contain the fighting in Jordan, the ripples created by the civil war continued to widen. The radical Baathist governments of Iraq and Syria gave unqualified vocal support to the guerrillas, defying Egypt's suggestion that they stay out of the dispute. "We will not spare one drop of blood to help," said Syrian President Nourreddine Atassi. The U.S. and Israel hinted that they might intervene if the regimes in Baghdad and Damascus sent regular troops to reinforce the guerrillas. But at week's end Amman Radio reported that a Syrian armored brigade had crossed into Jordan with Soviet-built tanks. The radio added that Jordanian troops repulsed the invaders "with heavy losses."

The outbursts proved what Arab leaders have increasingly feared as the fedayeen grew from a handful to an army of 25,000 full-time fighters in Jordan alone: the movement is a greater threat to established Arab governments than it is to Israel. The guerrillas were also proving once again that they must be reckoned with in any Middle East peace

settlement; only a week before, they had established the point beyond argument, defying Hussein and the world, with a multiple skyjacking. No Arab government can guarantee that a peace will be kept as long as the fedayeen, desperadoes with little to lose, cast such threatening shadows over the negotiating table.

The showdown in Jordan was all but inevitable. Since 1968, Hussein's successive Cabinets and the eleven guerrilla organizations that make up the Palestine Liberation Organization (PLO) have rubbed each other like two jagged pieces of Jordanian limestone. The government resented the fact that the guerrillas had become so strong that they were practically the joint rulers of Jordan: they set their own laws of conduct, carried guns in spite of Jordanian prohibition, ruled the refugee camps and openly defied the King. The guerrillas resented the fact that Hussein's government did not show sufficient regard for the Palestinians, who make up 65% of Jordan's population. Three times since 1968, disagreements between sides have resulted in actual miniwars. Three months ago, 200 people were killed in three days of fighting.

The hostility intensified last month, as far as the guerrillas were concerned, when Hussein and Egypt's President Nasser agreed to a cease-fire with Israel. A new attempt on Hussein's life infuriated the army. Two weeks ago, any hope of reconciliation between the two sides was finally fractured when the guer-



MACHINE GUN FOR THE DEFENSE OF IRBID

he Guerrillas

guerrillas skyjacked three jet airliners and held as hostages 430 crewmen and passengers (TIME cover, Sept. 21). Most were finally let go by the Popular Front for the Liberation of Palestine, but 54—38 Americans, two with dual Israeli-U.S. citizenship, and 16 Britons, West Germans and Swiss—were still being held at undisclosed hideaways at week's end. The hostages were in danger of getting caught in the battle, and a guerrilla spokesman would say nothing about their condition. "All we know," he said, "is that all are alive." The whole episode, said Hussein, was "the shame of the Arab nation."

Jordanian Premier Abdel Moneim Rifai tried to paper over this latest controversy with an agreement stipulating that the guerrillas be allowed to operate openly in Amman and that the army stay outside the capital. When Hussein saw the agreement, he was aghast. The army was already close to mutiny as a result of the restrictions placed upon it in its dealings with the cocky, free-wheeling fedayeen. At one inspection an armored commander flew a brassiere from the radio antenna of his tank. When Hussein asked why, the officer snapped: "We have all become women." At another inspection, army officers pulled off their kaffiyehs and threw the traditional Jordanian headdress to the ground at the King's feet. The sky-jacking represented a final humiliation: army units had quickly ringed the three jets squatting in the desert outside Amman, but orders from the King pre-

vented them from doing anything more. Hussein knew that his soldiers, roughly half of them Bedouins with little use for the fedayeen, were bitterly resentful. "They are on the razor's edge," he told the French daily *Le Figaro*. "They've had enough. They are not accustomed to being so vilified, denigrated, provoked endlessly without being able to react. The situation cannot go on. Every day Jordan sinks a little deeper. There must be peace—or war."

Scathing Rebuke

In the past, Hussein scrupulously avoided a confrontation. More and more, critics accused him of wavering. Finally, the King decided to make a tough decision stick. He had little choice. If he did nothing, there was a real chance of an army mutiny. Rifai volunteered to resign as Premier because he was "tired." Instead, Hussein scathingly rebuked him and then fired him—along with the rest of his 17-member Cabinet. The King appointed a new Cabinet made up of eleven army officers and headed by Brigadier General Mohammed Daoud, 50, as Premier. More important, he dusted off a measure that was hurriedly enacted during the 1967 war with Israel and declared martial law. Hussein appointed Field Marshal Habis Majali, a 57-year-old Bedouin officer, as commander in chief of the army as well as military governor of Jordan.

Hussein's orders were terse. The new government was "to act immediately to undo hostile planning and restore matters as they should be." "Hostile forces," the King added, had "undermined national unity, shaken the armed forces, dynamited their military spirit and discipline, and created a state of despair." At Majali's command, the Jordanian army was soon moving tanks and artillery into Amman.

The guerrillas accepted the challenge. Yasser Arafat, leader of Al-Fatah, the biggest guerrilla group, and of the overall PLO command, had already summoned ambassadors from other Arab states and told them: "Will you kindly inform your governments that King Hussein, with mature consideration, has

drawn up a detailed plan which is bound to end in a blood bath? I possess irrefutable proof that he intends to liquidate the Palestinian resistance." In Amman, Damascus and Baghdad, guerrilla radios suddenly began crackling with curiously coded messages. "The dinner is hot," said one. "Ghazi is marching to Haifa," said another. In plainer language, the fedayeen command advised its men to "keep your finger on the trigger until the fascist military rule has been removed." In Amman, shopkeepers, who have suffered through previous confrontations, shuttered their stores. Schools closed, offices emptied, and civilians huddled in the basements of limestone houses on Amman's seven hills. Telephone lines went dead. The airport waved off incoming flights and sent Royal Jordanian Airline's Caravelles out of the country.

The 54 skyjacking hostages were also moved for "safekeeping." Anxious to thwart any rescue attempts, the Popular Front split them up into groups of four or five and scattered them to different hiding places. Before the fighting broke out, most were believed to be in a sprawling Palestinian refugee center on the southern rim of the capital, called Amman New Camp. At the same camp the guerrillas are believed to be holding \$650,000 in U.S. bills that Swissair last week admitted had been aboard its skyjacked plane. When the guerrillas found out about the money by reading the craft's loading sheet, they marched the plane's captain into the desert, held guns to his temples and forced him to tell them where it was.

Groping in the Dark

The outbreak of civil war in Jordan vastly complicated efforts to free the hostages from what the guerrillas assured the world was humane captivity. At the same time, the shooting increased the confusion surrounding the negotiations for their release. At one point the International Committee of the Red Cross broke off talks, demanding that the guerrillas provide "more precision as to who was speaking for whom." Once civil

JORDANIAN ARMY TANK KNOCKED OUT AT RAMTHA



war broke out, contacts were broken off completely.

The five governments involved in the negotiating—the U.S., Britain, West Germany, Switzerland and Israel—also added to the confusion. The West Germans once again contemplated trading unilaterally for the release of two citizens by freeing three Arabs imprisoned by Bonn. British Foreign Minister Alec Douglas-Home, anxious to speed up deliberations, interrupted Israeli Foreign Minister Abba Eban's private visit to England to press for a promise to release more Arab prisoners. The Israelis agreed, among other things, to give up

the two Algerian intelligence agents they had been holding. For its part, the U.S., which had dispatched Sixth Fleet ships with 1,500 battle-ready Marines to the Eastern Mediterranean when the planes were skyjacked, added more ships to the task force. Most notably, the helicopter carrier *Guam*, with combat Marines aboard, sailed from Norfolk naval base to join the fleet.

The Marines' assignment, if events warranted, was to helicopter ashore in Jordan to rescue the 40 members of the U.S. embassy in Amman and any of 350 U.S. citizens living in Jordan, or other foreigners who cared to leave.

There was also the possibility, albeit a remote one, of liberating some of the 54 airline hostages. Washington Special Action Group, a crisis committee of State, Defense and intelligence chiefs headed by Henry Kissinger, met twice to draw up contingency plans.

The ostentatious movement of ships and Marines had another purpose. Even as Israeli Premier Golda Meir arrived in the U.S. for conferences with President Nixon (see following story), the Administration was carefully leaking muted warnings of U.S. intervention. The warnings were chiefly designed to dissuade any invasion by Israel, whose

Caravan of Martyrs

N EARLY two decades before the Middle East completely lost its romantic Lawrence of Arabia aura and became a brutal battlefield, two young cousins sat on neighboring thrones: Feisal II in Iraq, Hussein in Jordan. Handsome, carefree, gallant, the two young Kings were installed on the same day in 1953. Their dual reigns were a spectacular achievement for the ancient Hashemite dynasty.

In the summer of 1958, the spectacle ended. Feisal, then 23, was murdered in his Baghdad palace by a clique of revolutionary army officers whose political passions had been aroused by the anti-royalist call of Egyptian President Gamal Abdel Nasser. Hussein, only 22, narrowly escaped a similar death: his life and throne were saved by the intervention of British paratroopers. In Amman, the boy King took the train of events heavily. "I have received confirmation of the murder of my cousin, King Feisal of Iraq, and all his royal family," he told reporters. "They are only the last in a caravan of martyrs."

That Hashemite caravan has been a long and winding one. The principal reason for the fanatic support that Hussein received from Bedouin warriors in Jordan is that the King can trace his ancestry back to the Prophet Mohammed. Thirty-seven generations of Hashemites were traditionally Grand Sheriffs, or rulers of Mecca, Islam's holiest city, until they were forced out in the early 1920s by the Saud family. At the time of the Saudi takeover, the Grand Sheriff of Mecca was Hussein, great-grandfather of the boy Kings. The Sheriff thought he had found a way to refurbish the Hashemite image. He volunteered the family's services to the British in their World War I battles with the Ottoman empire, which was allied with Germany. In return, the Hashemites were to receive large swatches of territory, including Syria.

But the British reneged on part of the deal. The Sheriff's son Feisal was made King of Iraq, but a second son, Abdullah, was left with nothing. To make amends, Winston Churchill, then a young British Colonial Secretary, called a conference in Cairo in 1921 which sketched the boundaries of a new kingdom on some unallotted lands near Palestine. The country was called Trans-Jordan.

Abdullah, as the first King of Trans-Jordan, ruled his country uneventfully for 30 years. The most exciting act of his reign came in 1948 when Israel was created and Abdullah annexed a tract of Palestine west of the Jordan. With land on both sides of the river, the King decided to call his country merely Jordan. Control of it remained firmly in the hands of the Trans-Jordanians, however, and Abdullah's Palestinian subjects on the West Bank never really warmed to their King. Many of them suspected that he might agree to a peaceful settlement with Israel; one of the Israeli emissaries who once slipped into Jordan in Arab disguise to plead with the King was Golda Meir. A Palestinian gunman killed Abdullah at Jerusalem's historic Al Aqsa mosque. The assassin

also fired at Grandson Hussein, who was standing beside Abdullah, but the bullet ricocheted off a medal on his uniform. Abdullah was succeeded by Hussein's father, Talal. But after one year, schizophrenia overcame Talal, and Hussein, 18, was proclaimed monarch.

Hussein had been a playboy prince who liked to drive fast cars, chase women, drink too much Scotch in the bar of Amman's old Philadelphia Hotel. In his first days as King, there was scant improvement. His idea of a fun evening was to disguise himself as a taxi driver, pick up customers in Amman and ask them what they thought of their new monarch. Hussein preferred blondes, but in 1955 he married a Hashemite cousin named Dina, several years his elder. She bore him only a daughter, and after two years Hussein quietly divorced her. He soon married a brunette British sec-



HUSSEIN WITH PRINCESS MUNA & CHILDREN

retary named Toni Gardiner, whose father was an army officer stationed in Jordan; a convert to Islam, she is known as the Princess Muna, Arabic for "heart's desire." They have two sons, Abdullah, 8, and Feisal, 7, and two-year-old twin daughters, Zein and Aisha. Last week Abdullah and Feisal were tucked off to a British boarding school with a fatherly message from Amman to "be good and work hard."

After 17 years on the throne—and nine assassination attempts—Hussein works hard at the job. He has become a good King—although his Palestinian subjects complain that he has too many corrupt relatives. His chronic fault is that he has always wavered in making decisions. Despite some vacillation last week, it seemed that Hussein finally had mustered the will to execute his purpose. As he said this summer, when he was beginning to lose patience with the guerrillas: "I am not the kind of person who will quit. This mission is part of me and I am part of it. I will see it through to the end."

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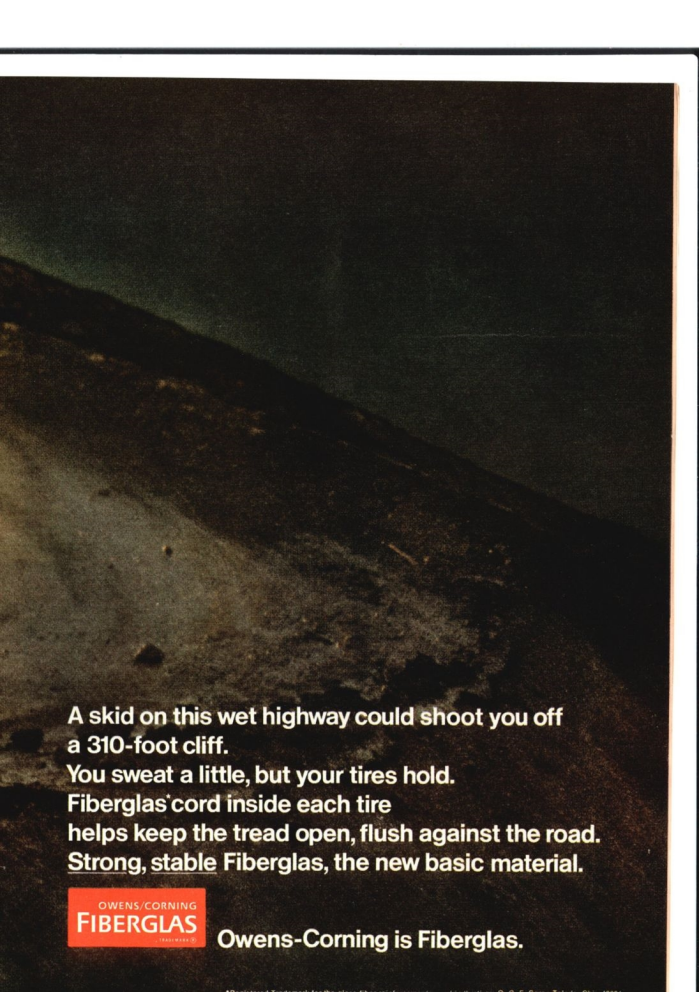
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paratroopers were already on the alert to jump into Jordan if Iraqi or Syrian troops came to the aid of the guerrillas. However, an Israeli invasion would undoubtedly be met by some sort of Egyptian response.

As the battle developed, Hussein appeared to be faring well without help from the outside—though a helicopter stood by at Al-Hummar Palace just in case, ready to lift him to exile (probably in Iran). At 4:05 on a quiet morning in Amman, barely 24 hours after martial law was imposed, an artillery round shattered the predawn quiet. It was the tocsin for a barrage of fire from both sides, mostly in the dark at shapeless targets.

The fighting grew fiercer as the sun rose, however. From whitewashed houses and the ramshackle huts of refugee camps, guerrillas fired on tanks and armored vehicles moving into Amman. Anything that moved in the capital was raked by vicious crossfire. Stranded in the Jordan Inter-Continental Hotel, guests watched as an armored vehicle raced down the street outside and laced a nearby building with 75-mm. shells. "Amman is on fire," reported a guerrilla radio communiqué. The city looked it; a column of thick black smoke from burning petroleum tanks hung in the generally clear and sunlit sky.

Offer to Brothers

The battle between army and guerrillas was not an even one. In addition to 25,000 regulars, the fedayeen could muster 25,000 ragtag militia. Against this sizable but largely undisciplined unit stood the King's 56,000-man force, the best-drilled and most efficient army in the Arab world. Originally trained by Britain's Sir John Bagot Glubb, the army's three armored and nine infantry brigades are equipped with 300 Patton and Centurion tanks, 270 armored and scout cars and 350 armored personnel carriers. Though trained to fight in desert or rural situations, the troops proved adept at street fighting. Gradually, their advantage began to show. By nightfall of the first day, much of Amman was reported in army hands and the battle swirled around the refugee camps where the guerrillas had the edge.

With the army enjoying the upper hand in Amman but still plagued by snipers, Field Marshal Majali called for a cease-fire so that "our brothers, the fedayeen, can join us." The offer had underlying purposes. For one, Amman's population is largely Palestinian; rather than root out the guerrillas, a process that would have cost countless civilian lives, the army preferred to wait them out. The cease-fire could give Majali a chance to shift more of his forces from Amman to the north, where guerrillas from Syria and Lebanon were slipping over the border to join the fight. The guerrillas rejected Majali's call. Arafat declared "revolutionary control" over the region and ordered his forces to fall back on a triangle marked by

the towns of Irbid, Mafraq and Zerká.

In the countryside, the situation was cloudy. The guerrillas made some gains; at Ramtha, on the Syrian border, the army wanted to cut the Damascus-Amman highway to sever fedayeen supply routes. At week's end the fedayeen still held the road. But ammunition shortages bothered the beleaguered guerrillas. "Use your rockets only against tanks," was the repeated message from the fedayeen radio in Amman.

In an effort to stop the fighting, Egyptian President Gamal Abdel Nasser dispatched his chief of staff, Lieut. General Mohammed Ahmed Sadek, to arrange a truce. Sadek was unsuccessful.

If Hussein were to defeat the guerrillas, what would his victory do to the power balance of the Middle East?

For the near term, the guerrillas would be in bad shape. Not until December, perhaps, would they be able to resume



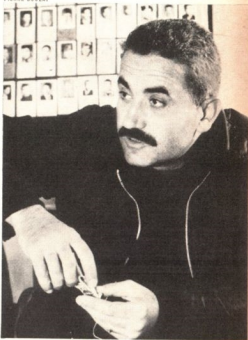
AL-FATAH'S YASSER ARAFAT
An end is not in sight.

a full schedule of raids against the Israelis, and by that time the winter rains would limit operations. They might hinder, perhaps by more skyjacks or other diversions, whatever peace arrangements United Nations Negotiator Gunnar Jarring may be able to work out with Egypt, Jordan and Israel before their temporary truce expires on Nov. 5.

Over the longer range, the outlook for the Palestine Liberation Organization is less gloomy. No Arab doubts that the guerrillas will remain a formidable political force. In the six years since they first began operations against Israel, they have grown to the point where they can only be temporarily subdued but not eliminated.

The seeds of the guerrilla movement were planted in 1948, when Israel was created out of ancient Palestine. Only some 160,000 Arabs out of nearly 1,000,000 elected to remain in the new Jewish state; 500,000 stayed in the Gaza Strip, held by Egypt, and on the West Bank of the Jordan River, taken over by Jordan. Another 700,000 Palestinians were dispersed as refugees; most ended up in 54 refugee camps in Jordan, Syria and Lebanon, where they remained, forgotten by the world and deliberately

PIERRE BOLLAT



POPULAR FRONT'S GEORGE HABASH
Peace is not the object.

abandoned by Arab nations, who found them useful propaganda pawns in the vocal war against Israel.

From these camps, where the residents grew increasingly gray with despair, most of the first guerrillas were recruited. Studying the tactics of the Algerians against the French and even of the Jewish terrorists against the British in the pre-independence days of the mandate, Al-Fatah in 1964 launched its first raid—on a small Israeli pumping station. After that, Arafat's growing group carried out a raid a week to gain experience and with each raid slowly won more support. The Six-Day War in 1967, a debacle for Arab governments, was a boon for the guerrillas. It provided them with thousands of weapons discarded by fleeing Arab soldiers; a grim race went on to see how much of the ordnance the guerrillas could grab before Israeli salvage squads reached it. The war also displaced more Arabs in Gaza and the West Bank and bred frustration and resentment among Arabs toward their disgraced armies. At the same time, the war convinced the displaced Palestinians that other Arabs would never

er accomplish anything for them; the new nationalism provided more recruits than Arafat could easily handle. In March 1968, the guerrillas got another lift. When Israeli forces attacked the fedayeen stronghold at Karameh in Jordan, the guerrillas staged a creditable defense. They discovered that they could at least stand up against regular forces. Today the Palestinians have a new, bold self-image. "Cruel events since '67 have taught us one thing," says Nabeel Shaath, a Palestinian who lectures in economics at the American University in Beirut. "The only way to get the world to notice us is to speak and act as Palestinians."

Warring Ideologies

The guerrillas can thus survive, but to prosper they may have to change. Like many revolutionary movements, their central command is being devoured by warring ideologies.

Politically, the early fedayeen were relatively moderate and undivided. Inevitably, however, as the guerrillas grew more numerous and more prosperous, schisms began to appear. Syria barred the Palestinian guerrillas and organized its own fedayeen, known as Al-Saiqa (the thunderbolt), with "retired" army

JACQUES BRUCAT—LANSING



GUERRILLAS ATOP CAPTURED TANK
Bound to end in a bloodbath.

officers at their head. Iraq did the same with a smaller organization known as the Arab Liberation Front.

The most disruptive influence on the guerrilla movement was the Popular Front for the Liberation of Palestine, organized in Beirut by a Palestine-born Christian physician named George Habash. Habash's P.F.L.P. has recently become the fastest-growing guerrilla organization because of the group's well-

THE two airliner passengers walked hurriedly toward the pilot's cabin, one of them carrying a plastic flight bag. Pointing a rusty revolver at a cable and switch that protruded ominously from his satchel, one of them shouted to the captain: "Change course or I'll press the switch and the plane will blow up!" With a small compass that he carried in his pocket, the hijacker made sure that the plane was really changing direction.

Another skyjacking carried out by Palestinian guerrillas? Not quite. A few minutes after that scene occurred over Czechoslovakia last week, the Prague-bound BAC One-Eleven jetliner flown by Rumania's TAROM airlines landed at Munich international airport. As the hijackers stepped onto West German soil, they knelt on the runway to say a prayer of thanksgiving. While the airliner was refusing to resume its interrupted flight, another of the passengers, a 31-year-old East Berlin engineer who had had nothing to do with the hijacking, decided on the spur of the moment to capitalize on his good fortune and defect from the Communist world.

The hijackings of recent years have victimized mostly Western passengers and companies. Many of the pirates have been professed Communists or sympathizers bound for places like Cuba and North Korea, or Arab irregulars headed anywhere from Algiers to Damascus. But Communist airlines have not escaped the skyjacks. In the past year alone, at least ten East European craft have been commandeered by pas-

"Good" v. "Bad"

sengers and diverted to Western or neutral airports. No plane has yet been hijacked from the Soviet Union, however, probably because Russian crews have shown a willingness to use firearms to stop them. Nearly all of the hijackers have sought political asylum outside the Iron Curtain. In the midst of the search for ways to prevent sky piracy, their arrival has posed a painful question for non-Communist governments: Is there ever any legitimate excuse for hijacking an airliner?

Many of the East European refugees are fleeing harsh repression at home and can find no other way of getting to another country. So far, none has damaged an aircraft or injured any of its passengers. In comparing the successful Hungarian heist with the nightmare hijackings carried out by Palestinian commandos, the *Frankfurter Allgemeine Zeitung* editorialized: "The Palestinian extremists want to terrorize by taking hostages, while the young Poles, Czechs, East Germans or Hungarians want to shake from their shoes the dust of hermetically closed territories. This difference in motivation and mentality will have to be kept in mind."

For all that, however, there is little difference in method. Anti-Communist hijackers, like the pro-Communist or Arab variety, are generally armed, and thus they subject passengers and crew to some danger. Moreover, if the U.S. and other major victims are to secure worldwide cooperation in preventing

executed and widely publicized raids on airlines, culminating in the quadruple skyjack two weeks ago. Among Arabs, Habash is equally notable for having made ideology a paramount concern among the fedayeen for the first time. Rooted in Marxist dogma strongly tinged with Maoism, the P.F.L.P. wants not only to attack Israel but also to topple what it considers backward, corrupt and conservative Arab governments. "We do not want peace," Habash told the West German magazine *Stern* recently. "Peace would be the end of all our hopes. We shall sabotage any peace negotiations in the future." Nor would Habash mind, he said, if the Middle East crisis triggered World War III. "If this should be the only possibility to destroy Israel, Zionism and Arab reactionism, then we wish for it. The entire world except us has something to lose."

Habash's intensely doctrinaire movement has spawned several offshoots. Two splinter groups, the Popular Democratic Front for the Liberation of Palestine and the Popular Front for the Liberation of Palestine, General Command, are more rabidly Maoist than Habash is; both have seats on Arafat's central committee. They and similar splinters badly disrupt the coordination of the

group and sap the effectiveness of the guerrilla movement.

As the fedayeen fragmented, fought among themselves and began menacing the governments of Jordan and Lebanon in particular, Arab rulers began to squirm. Hussein once declared, "We are all fedayeen," but he finally mustered his army to chastise the movement. Egypt's Nasser in other days hailed the fedayeen as "the vanguard of the Arab revolution." Now, worried that the guerrillas' romantic image may be undercutting his own, Nasser ventures fewer and fewer encouraging words.

Monitoring the civil war in Jordan last week, Cairo radio was unusually severe: "Egypt will not allow a Palestine maverick group to jeopardize the peace-seeking efforts of the Arabs." Moscow, too, scolded the guerrillas and warned Syria and Iraq, both Peking-leaning regimes, to keep hands off. As far as Jordan is concerned, the Soviets presumably would prefer even a monarchy to guerrillas who might wind up in Peking's corner.

The withdrawal of Nasser's support will not wither the fedayeen. Despite differences and setbacks, the guerrillas will continue as a potent force in the Middle East—an intruding hand capable of ru-

Hijackers

hijackers, they can hardly expect to set a double standard.

Washington has chosen a middle course. U.S. delegates at a meeting of the International Civil Aviation Organization (ICAO) in Montreal last week proposed that countries that took no action against hijackers be subjected to an international air boycott. However, each country would have a choice of extraditing the hijacker or prosecuting him locally. President Nixon, who supervised the drafting of the plans, prefers extradition of U.S. hijackers, and for that reason has ordered the renegotiation of existing extradition treaties to include hijackers specifically. The U.S. is even willing to waive the death penalty, which skyjacks risk under American law, if they are caught in a country that does not impose capital punishment.

But the right to political asylum makes extradition a practical impossibility in many places; West Germany, for example, would be as loath to ship a Bulgarian hijacker back to Sofia as, say, Egypt would be to send a disaffected Israeli back to Jerusalem. The U.S. plan seeks to assure victim nations that hijackers would face the force of law somewhere. Perhaps the most blatant example of a hijacker who escaped punishment altogether occurred last January in Lebanon, where a 26-year-old Frenchman who took over a TWA jetliner to show sympathy for the Arab cause was treated to a free vacation, entertained at the homes of Lebanese Cabinet

ministers, and generally feted as a hero.

Last week West Germany held its first trial involving East European refugee skyjacks. The defendants were eight Czechoslovaks who forced a national airliner to fly from near Karlovy Vary to Nuremberg. In their defense, they claimed that they were in imminent danger of arrest for anti-Soviet activities after the 1968 Russian invasion of their country. They found considerable sympathy: five got suspended sentences, while the three who carried weapons and gave orders were each sentenced to 30 months for "deprivation of liberty and coercion." The court president, in his opinion, expressed doubt that the three had been in as much danger of arrest as they claimed, leaving the impression that had their plight been more desperate, their sentences, too, would have been suspended.

The Hungarians, who arrived in Munich during the Czechoslovaks' trial, expected to be prosecuted, but they also anticipated light sentences. "Here we will have to be in jail for a while," said one. "In Hungary we were permanently unfree." Whatever their punishment, it will doubtless be a good deal more lenient than what their own government would prescribe. Last March, a young married couple in East Germany had occasion to contemplate the future of hijackers behind the Iron Curtain and decided it would be intolerable. Having failed to blast open two locked cockpit doors on the plane they were attempting to commandeer, they put their pistols into their mouths and fired.

ining any settlement. Ultimately, as even Hussein knows, the only way to defuse this threat is not by force of arms but by fulfilling the fundamental fedayeen demand for a Palestinian homeland.

Ideally the Palestinians, who are generally the best educated and most cultured of all Arabs, would like to turn the clock back to the days before the Balfour Declaration pledged the creation of a Jewish homeland. They would reconstitute the old Palestine, which includes the present Israel, the West Bank of the Jordan River and the Gaza Strip. They would bar "Zionists" but would allow native-born Jews to live with them in a nonreligious society. By "native-born Jews," however, some Palestinians mean those born in the area before Israel came into being in 1948; that would amount to a small fraction of Israel's 2,800,000 people.

Artificial Creation

After the P.F.L.P. two weeks ago engineered its multiple skyjacking, hostages aboard the planes were given literature and lectures by the guerrillas, setting forth the Palestinian positions. Many of the hostages came away more sympathetic than when they started. "They think the idea of one nation with one re-

ligion is prejudiced, and they were kicked out of their homes," said Catherine Holz, 15, of New York as she reached the safety of Cyprus. "They gave us some pamphlets. People said it was propaganda, but I believe that some of it was true."

Many Western students of the Middle East believe that the surest way to secure peace is to establish a Palestinian state. Most often the West Bank of the Jordan, captured by the Israelis during the 1967 war, is suggested as a possible site. In recent months, however, Middle East experts in both the U.S. and Israel have been thinking more and more seriously about a different alternative for a Palestinian state. Why not, they suggest, convert prewar Jordan into such a state?

The proposal is so far only fancy, but persuasive arguments for it can be mustered. The Palestinians who make up nearly two-thirds of Jordan's population are not particularly devoted to either the country as it now exists or to the Hashemite dynasty. Moreover, Jordan is an artificial creation to begin with.

Hussein could bring peace to the Middle East, so goes the argument, by abdicating in favor of a popular government. The fedayeen would then have the joy—and the sobering responsibility

—of a country of their own. It would not be exactly the country most of them want. Undoubtedly, hostility toward Israel would remain intense. But eventually the Palestinians might recognize the finality of the Jewish state and conclude a general peace.

Unstable as Water

The argument has obvious flaws. With former fedayeen at its helm, Jordan might march against Israel before the advocates of peace have a chance to prevail. Further, there would almost certainly be a savage internal dogfight as the leaders of rival factions struggled for paramouncy—and the battle would be complicated by the presence of Jordan's Bedouins, who make up 35% of the population and despise the fedayeen. The greatest immediate flaw, of course, is that Jordan's young King—as long as his shaky throne lasts—would have no intention of handing his kingdom over to his adversaries.

More than any of the Arab peoples, the fedayeen fit the description set forth by T. E. Lawrence in his *Seven Pillars of Wisdom* more than 40 years ago: "They were as unstable as water, and like water would perhaps finally prevail." Will the guerrillas

JACQUES BRULOT—LIAISON



WATCHING FOR THE ENEMY
On the razor's edge.

also ultimately prevail? In one way they already have, for the world will never again be able to ignore them, as they smolder in their refugee camps, without attempting to find at least some rational solution for their plight. In another way, they cannot prevail without first achieving a measure of stability and substituting a sense of modern reality for their fanatical insistence on the destruction of Israel.

The Missile Impasse

WHILE Jordan's civil war set off a new and dangerous explosion in the Middle East last week, the primary fuse was still burning away ominously. As the 90-day cease-fire worked out between Israel and Egypt in August passed its halfway mark, chances of any resulting settlement were becoming increasingly slim. Israeli Premier Golda Meir, after conferring in Washington with President Nixon, again ruled out negotiations with the other side until Egypt agreed to "roll back" the Soviet missiles that were installed in the standoff zone along the Suez in violation of truce terms. Egyptian Foreign Minister Mahmoud Riad angrily declared that

with Nixon, to be sure they could have a meeting of the minds."

On the question of aid, she found the prospects fairly reassuring. Even before she left, word leaked out that the U.S. would sell Israel at least 17 new Phantoms. Though no final agreement on the entire program was reached in Washington, U.S. officials estimated that Israel can count on about half a billion dollars in aid over the next two years, with about half of that amount earmarked for arms.

For the last quarter-hour of their 90-minute meeting, Nixon and Mrs. Meir dismissed their aides and talked alone. The Israeli Prime Minister was known to have two thoughts on her

they insist that an explicit Soviet agreement to halt the current buildup must precede any bargaining.

Why did Egypt and the Soviets welsh on their agreement? The Soviets' move seemed perplexing in view of their generally cooperative attitude in negotiations like SALT. U.S. officials speculated about several possible theories. One view was that the Soviets simply cynically exploited the absence of Israeli jets over Egypt to complete the installation of an effective air defense system, knowing that the U.S. would probably not retaliate directly. Another explanation was that Russia had grown uneasy over the U.S. foothold as a "middle man" in the Arab-Israeli dispute and deliberately violated the cease-fire to force Washington to resume its old role as the partisan and sponsor of the Israelis, thus driving a new wedge between the U.S. and the Arabs.

Whatever the Soviets' motivation, they profited from two goofs in Washington's handling of the cease-fire arrangements. In his desire for a quick end to the hostilities, Secretary of State William P. Rogers failed to obtain written agreement from Moscow on exact terms of the agreement, leaving many possible infractions open to dispute. Also, the U.S. promised that it would try to "rectify" any violations, including military build-ups, that occurred during the 90 days. Such a pledge made the U.S. a virtual guarantor of the status quo—a bigger job than it could possibly handle.

Despite all the scars on the U.S. initiative, Rogers is still convinced that peace remains in the interest of both sides, and that the issues preventing them from discussing a settlement are secondary. With last week's opening of the U.N. General Assembly in Manhattan, Israeli and Arab representatives are in the same city and are at least in the proper physical proximity to begin talks at any time. The other promising sign is that along the Suez, the cease-fire itself—despite the arguments and violations that revolve around it—has yet to be broken by gunfire.

JAPAN

The Biggest Ever

For neophytes in staging world's fairs, the Japanese did themselves proud. When the lights of Expo '70, Asia's first universal exposition, dimmed in Osaka last week after six months, attendance stood at a record 64,218,770. Ever meticulous about details, the Japanese also reported that: The average visitor spent four hours waiting in lines, meaning that almost a quarter of a billion man-hours were whiled away in queues; there were 48,190 lost children but nearly three times as many lost adults—127,457, mostly rural oldsters; 55 weddings were performed on the fairgrounds and one birth (a boy) occurred; there were 1,938 reported thefts and 141 people arrested for drunkenness; the visitors left behind 19,700 tons of trash, or about 10 oz. per fairgoer.



MRS. MEIR IN NEW YORK

the U.S. peace initiative was "dead."

Mrs. Meir, flanked by Israeli security guards and appearing unusually solemn, arrived in the U.S. on two vital missions. First, she wanted to negotiate a long-term package of military and economic aid. Her military shopping list included sophisticated electronic equipment and Phantom jets that would partially offset Israel's loss of advantage at the Suez front caused by the forward deployment of the Soviet missiles. The economic proposals mainly involved long-term credits to a nation that spends almost 30% of its gross national product on defense, more than three times what the U.S. allocates.

Private Talk. Her second—and far more pressing—task was to size up the Nixon Administration's moral commitment to Israel. Washington's heavy pressure on Israel to accept the cease-fire and its slowness in admitting that the agreement was almost immediately violated by the Egyptians have deeply shaken Israeli confidence in their most important ally. Said an official: "Golda wanted to establish a personal rapport

mind. She wanted Nixon to have a clear idea of Israel's minimal conditions for a final settlement, which include continued control over the Golan Heights and those sections of Jerusalem seized during the Six-Day War. In addition, she was determined to let the President know that Israel intended to boycott any negotiations with the Arabs until the missile violations are halted.

American Goofs. On that point, Mrs. Meir got an argument. The U.S. contends that the violations have not altered Israel's overall military superiority in the Middle East, and that Israel should take advantage of Egypt's willingness to talk. The Israelis, who point out that they have lost the freedom of the air over much of the Suez front, adamantly refuse to negotiate under present conditions. Following Mrs. Meir's round of Washington talks, the State Department had no choice but to announce, somewhat weakly, that "we will continue to make diplomatic efforts to obtain rectification." Privately, Israeli officials acknowledge that it is no longer feasible to expect withdrawal of the missiles, but

Lon Nol and Sihanouk Speak Out

In the six months since Lon Nol and his fellow anti-Communists ousted Prince Norodom Sihanouk from power, Cambodia has become the focal point of the Indochina conflict. Many of its towns have been savaged by fighting; half the country has fallen under Communist control and much of the remainder is contested. Recently, both Lon Nol and his predecessor have spoken out about the fate of their country.

The View from Phnom-Penh

Most critics of last spring's U.S. incursion into the Communist sanctuaries just inside Cambodia argue that the war has spread throughout the country as a result. Lon Nol disagrees. "The U.S. is not to blame for the fighting

equip and train a 200,000-man army by 1971. The U.S. is unwilling to comply. Lon Nol hopes that other nations will help, but additional aid to date has come only from Thailand, South Viet Nam and Australia, which donated 50 Land Rovers and radios and ponchos.

Lon Nol conceded that "the problem is not just to fight, but also to organize our country socially and politically on a war footing." In the next breath he vowed: "We are not going to allow the Communists to operate freely all over our country. We will kill all of them."

Toward that end, Lon Nol three weeks ago launched his government's first large-scale offensive military action since seizing power. A 5,000-man force, borne by trucks and civilian buses, set out to

he realized that a prince could have no place in it.

Despite his dependence upon the Chinese and the fact that he sometimes has been styled "the Pink Prince," Sihanouk wrote: "I am not and will not become a Communist, for I disavow nothing of my religious beliefs or my nationalism." Nevertheless, he added, "with Lon Nol and the armed intervention of the foreign powers that support him, my homeland and my people have lost everything and are immersed in the worst catastrophe of their history. In these circumstances I can only hope for the total victory of the revolution, in which I shall certainly not have my place but which cannot but save my homeland and serve the deepest interests of the mass of the 'little' Khmer people."

Sihanouk sharply criticized the U.S. for supporting Lon Nol's regime. "The



LOL NOL



CAMBODIAN SOLDIERS WITH STALLED BUS

Who is to blame, the Americans or the Communists?



SIHANOUK

spreading into Cambodia," he told TIME Correspondent Dan Coggin. "The Communists had already moved westward out of the sanctuaries and were attacking us in various places long before the U.S. intervention in the border area."

Some of Lon Nol's aides would prefer that the U.S. maintain ground forces in Cambodia to support the country's army, which has grown from 35,000 to 140,000 since last March. Asked if he would welcome the return of U.S. ground troops, Lon Nol replied, "No, not yet—not as long as the war is going no worse than it is." So far, he sees no indication that the enemy has started to rebuild the sanctuaries along the South Viet Nam border. In the event of another buildup, he hopes U.S. troops will return and "destroy the sanctuaries once and for all."

Continued the Premier: "What we are asking for now is arms." So far, the U.S. has supplied about 50,000 old American rifles and 10,000 captured AK-47s. Washington has quadrupled its arms aid to \$40 million, but Cambodians say they need five times that amount to

clear a 50-mile stretch of Route 6 to Kompong Thom, whose overland links have been cut for months. Only 17 miles along Route 6, which stretches like a muddy arrow through the countryside's monsoon-flooded paddies, the force ran into heavy enemy resistance at the hamlet of Tang Kauk. After losing 19 dead and 124 wounded in an eight-hour firefight, the government forces fell back to regroup. Closing in, Communist sappers blew up bridges in front and behind the column. Temporarily marooned, the humbled task force retreated two miles. At week's end, as the task force repaired bridges and prepared for another push, enemy forces operating out of Tang Kauk opened strong attacks against the column.

And from Peking

Like Lon Nol, who perceives no alternative to continued conflict for Cambodia, Prince Sihanouk predicts a long and tragic struggle. In the October issue of the U.S. quarterly *Foreign Affairs*, Sihanouk, writing from his new home in Peking, said that he supported the Communist revolution, even though

United States has valid reasons certainly for defending itself against the propagation of Communism in Asia and most particularly in Southeast Asia," declared Sihanouk. "But it would be pure hypocrisy to assert that the United States is defending the highest interests of the Indochinese people in preventing at all costs regimes like those of Lon Nol and of Nguyen Cao Ky from falling to Communism, using for that purpose bombs and napalm and an apocalyptic destruction of the countries and peoples concerned."

The best solution for Laos and Cambodia, Sihanouk argued, might be neutralization. "The more the United States steps up its armed interventions or those of its allies in these two countries, the less chance there will be of their being 'neutral' or 'neutralized' in the future. And the more the United States and its allies support the regime of Lon Nol and prevent the National United Front of Cambodia from unseating it, the more they will push this front, and in consequence the Khmer people and the Cambodia of tomorrow, into the Asian socialist camp."

DIPLOMACY

Oenologist's Dilemma

During his years as U.S. Ambassador to Bonn, Paris and London, David Bruce won a reputation as a connoisseur of wine. Last week in his new role as chief U.S. negotiator at the Paris peace talks, Bruce stumbled over his own expertise. Speaking to newsmen after the close of the 84th session of the protracted talks, Bruce described the proposals made by Viet Cong Chief Delegate Mrs. Nguyen Thi Binh as "new wine in old bottles." Moments later, a U.S. press officer explained that what Ambassador Bruce had meant to say was "old wine in new bottles."

Actually, it was a bit of both. In the first Communist initiative at the Paris talks in more than 16 months, Mrs. Binh spelled out eight points. Many were familiar, including demands for the reunification of Viet Nam, and the establishment of a neutral foreign policy. But some of the other points were either new or contained new angles. The hoary demand for total U.S. withdrawal was no longer accompanied by the word "immediate"; instead, Mrs. Binh set June 1971 as the deadline. Mrs. Binh also said that if U.S. units withdraw by then, Communist forces would refrain from attacking them. Later, a Viet Cong press officer said that if South Vietnamese forces held their fire, Communist troops would do likewise, presumably for an indefinite period of time.

In a softening of previous positions, Mrs. Binh declared that once the U.S. agrees to the deadline, the Communists will be willing to discuss "the question of releasing captured military men." In what appeared to be a significant shift, she also dropped the Viet Cong's demand that the U.S. overturn the Thieu government as it leaves and sanction the establishment of a coalition government that included the Viet Cong. Instead, she said that the Viet Cong would be willing to negotiate with an interim regime, which could include present members of the government with the exclusion only of President Nguyen Van Thieu, Vice President Nguyen Cao Ky and Premier Tran Thien Khiem. The interim government, she said, would also conduct national elections, which would help determine the composition of a coalition government.

The Thieu government swiftly rejected the Viet Cong proposals. In Washington, State Department officials pointed out that they were timed to influence the U.S. elections in November and to anticipate this week's joint session of Congress, which is being called to protest the "inhuman treatment" of the 375 known U.S. prisoners in North Viet Nam and the 77 held by the Viet Cong. Even so, Washington officials, some of whom were displeased by Bruce's off-the-cork reaction, hoped that there would be enough new wine to get the long-stalled Paris negotiations moving toward substantive issues.

FRANCE

Remembrances of Things Past

In one of his more startling moves during his eleven years as President of France, Charles de Gaulle summarily dismissed Georges Pompidou as his Premier in July 1968. It was particularly shocking in view of the fact that during the disruptive May riots earlier that year, it was Pompidou—not the general—who kept the government running, cooled hot feelings between police and students, and persuaded striking workers to return to the job. Pompidou had also managed the subsequent parliamentary elections for the Gaullists, who won the largest majority that any government had held in nearly 100 years. Upon De Gaulle's resignation last year, Pompidou ran for President and won, but without any support from *le grand Charles*. Relations be-

AP-5



CHARLES DE GAULLE & GEORGES POMPIDOU
Off-the-record details of a spiteful relationship.

tween the two are, to put it mildly, strained. Last week the publication in France of *Le Duel De Gaulle-Pompidou* showed just how strained.

Accustomed to Mediocrity. Written by Political Journalist Philippe Alexandre, 38, the 400-page book is a candid chronicle of outspoken conversations by and about the two men. "I am an old man, an old man who has seen so much treason and mediocrity around him," De Gaulle is quoted as saying before Pompidou's successful election. "I'm not dead, even if Pompidou wishes I were. You'll see. He won't be elected President. Besides, it would be depressing. If the French people reject me, it certainly won't be to take a Pompidou."

After the turmoil of the May 1968 riots, De Gaulle is quoted as having remarked to former Interior Minister Christian Fouchet: "We never should

have reopened the Sorbonne, never." When Fouchet argued that there might very well have been serious shooting otherwise, Alexandre quoted De Gaulle as replying: "So what? Maybe there would have been 50 dead. I would have immediately replaced the Premier." When replacement time did come, Pompidou learned of it from *France-Soir* Editor Pierre Lazareff, with whom he was lunching that day. "Well, what are you going to do when you're no longer here?" Lazareff began briskly. Fifteen minutes later the Elysée Palace called with the confirmation.

Alexandre insists that he has carefully and completely verified his book by double-checking each quote with two or more sources. Says Alexandre, who is a distant relative by marriage to Gaullist Defense Minister Michel Debré: "I regretfully had to leave out a great many

marvelous bon mots of the general because I wasn't a hundred percent certain of them." He adds that Pompidou, who invited him to the Elysée Palace for an amiable 90-minute talk upon receiving a complimentary copy of the book, "did not deny or question the authenticity of any of the direct quotations of himself or of the general."

Incredible Prescience. Pompidou clearly emerges as the Good Guy to De Gaulle's Bad Guy. Through his quotes, De Gaulle appears to be acid-tongued, vengeful and often petty. Yet he also emerges as a man with an obviously brilliant political mind. Almost three weeks before the Six-Day War in 1967, he informed a Cabinet meeting that he was about to meet with Israeli Foreign Minister Abba Eban, who was then in Paris. The general, with almost incredible prescience, told his min-

isters that he planned to tell Eban: "Quite obviously you are getting ready for new hostilities. If you do, you are bound to win, and very quickly. But this will have three serious consequences. First, Soviet implantation in the Middle East, and from there it will develop in Africa, which is not without importance for France. The balance of forces in the world will be threatened. The second consequence: in the Arab world, moderate regimes will be discouraged and fall to the extremists. This will threaten oil supplies in the West, especially for Europe. Finally, the Palestinian problem, which is still only one of refugees, will become a great national cause. We wish Israel nothing but well. All our warnings must be considered as signs of our interest and friendship. Don't jump to the wrong conclusions." After the meeting with Eban, De Gaulle prophetically told Pompidou that the imminent war "will last less than ten days."

Politics Bordelaise

French newspapers called it "the Battle of Bordeaux." What began as a routine by-election set for this week to elect a Deputy to the French National Assembly has turned into a fracas that could change the drift of French politics for some time to come.

It started mildly enough when Gaullist Premier Jacques Chaban-Delmas announced his candidacy for re-election to the National Assembly from Bordeaux. The French constitution provides that every Deputy of the National Assembly be elected with an alternate. When Chaban-Delmas became France's Premier last year, he was obliged to relinquish his Assembly seat to his alternate. This July, however, his alternate died, thus forcing Chaban-Delmas to run in the Bordeaux by-election. It looked so easy. The port city has given Chaban-Delmas the nod in every election since 1946. But when members of the perennially feud-ridden non-Communist left failed to agree on an opposition candidate, Jean-Jacques Servan-Schreiber announced his candidacy on the Radical Party ticket, and suddenly it was a whole new contest.

A maverick journalist-politician, J-J S-S only recently won a Deputy's seat from Nancy (TIME, July 6). What gave the race added curiosity value was the fact that neither man will serve if elected. Both Chaban-Delmas and J-J S-S have announced that they will retain their present offices. Chaban-Delmas has said he will turn the Bordeaux Deputy's post over to his alternate, and J-J S-S will probably resign.

Gadfly Savior. Since the Communists are the only opposition party with any claim to real cohesion or strength in France, J-J S-S cast himself as something of a gadfly savior of the French left—and indeed of French democracy. Servan-Schreiber's political battle plan calls for the creation of a viable non-Communist alternative to the firmly en-

trenched Gaullist majorities, with himself, naturally, as its leader.

To accomplish this he roared into last summer's Nancy election with all the pizzazz of a Kennedy seeking re-election in Massachusetts. He won with a surprisingly wide margin (55%), and tried the same techniques in Bordeaux—the frantic jetting from place to place, the restless copying machine ever churning out press releases, the covets of attractive, midskirted female assistants. He spoke endlessly in schools and public halls, garnering crowds of 2,000 and more—something unheard of in Bordeaux elections. As usual, he attracted hordes of newsmen complete with television lights and cameras. The sober daily *Le Monde* had a phrase for it: *pop politique*.

By contrast, Chaban-Delmas, a World War II Resistance hero, conducted a cool, low-key campaign. He hardly hit the hustings, concentrating instead on a few polite dinners and speeches. At the height of the J-J S-S blitz, Chaban-Delmas picked up the pace, but only a bit. Undoubtedly he figured his past popularity and present eminence would pull him through.

One year ago, Chaban-Delmas proclaimed a *Nouvelle Société* for France. His New Society has been modestly successful but hardly spectacular. There have been strikes, but not too many of them. Manpower training has been launched and legislation to aid the aging enacted. For the first time in recent history, education has been allotted a higher portion of the French national budget for 1971 than defense (17% v. 16%). Progress has been made with labor unions in the nationalized industries to link pay raises for workers with productivity and cost-of-living indexes. What Chaban-Delmas has not been able to do is bring a halt to inflation, modernize the economy and reshape the rigid conservative structure of French society, known in the current parlance as *la société bloquée*. Unblocking that society and recasting it in a more progressive mold is Servan-Schreiber's foremost goal.

Long Odds. Why did J-J S-S risk a race against such long odds—and for a seat he had no intention of occupying? Because he stood to win vastly more than he could lose. Bordeaux is traditionally a Gaullist stronghold. J-J S-S was determined to test the status quo as well as dramatize his own political appeal. J-J S-S announced that he would quit as secretary-general of his Radical Party if he failed to pull in at least 30% of the votes. Because he started out as an interloper with about half that figure in the polls, anything even close to 30% in a field of nine candidates could easily be construed as a moral victory—and a pre-election sampling showed him getting closer to his goal. As for Chaban-Delmas, even if he did not gain an outright majority on the first ballot, he was considered a sure bet to win a runoff.



SERVAN-SCHREIBER & WIFE



PREMIER CHABAN-DELMAS
Stepping up the pace, but only a bit.

UNITED NATIONS Grateful for Small Favors

Jordan was on the verge of anarchy. Egypt and Israel confronted each other uneasily across the Suez Canal. Half a world away, the corridors of the United Nations Secretariat building buzzed with talk of skyjackings and guerrillas. There were plenty of crises—and opportunities for the U.N. to assume a peace-keeping role. Yet when the new president of the General Assembly, Norway's Edvard Hambro, addressed the world organization last week at the opening of its 25th session, he implicitly acknowledged that the U.N. was powerless to cope with problems of such magnitude.

In his first speech as president, the cool, suave Norwegian, 59, emphasized instead some less spectacular and more manageable problems. Hambro urged, for example, a halt to "the erosion of our environment," adding: "Pollution knows of no national boundaries, recognizes no political sovereignty and does not distinguish between rich and poor." This is hardly the primary purpose for which the U.N. was set up. Remembering that last year U.S. officials suggested that NATO also should start worrying about pollution, one might conclude that

ecology, however important in its own right, has become the last refuge of despairing politicians and diplomats.

Not that Hambro is the despairing type. Norway's chief delegate to the U.N. since 1966, Hambro was the unanimous choice of the European members, whose turn it was by gentleman's agreement to select the president for the coming session; he was elected by 122 of 124 votes cast in a secret ballot.* The bespectacled Hambro, a delegate to the U.N. founding conference in 1945, is the son of the late Carl J. Hambro, who served as the last president of the League of Nations. As a student, young Edvard did research under a fellowship at League headquarters in Geneva. A former smoker, Hambro now inveighs against tobacco with almost evangelical fervor, and will not hesitate to ask guests not to smoke in his presence.

Hambro is descended from an old Jewish family that came to Norway centuries ago, but he is a Lutheran. He is distantly related to the founders of Hambro Bank in London. His wife Elizabeth, 54, whom he met in France, is

* The two dissenting votes in the secret ballot went to Chile's José Piñera and Saudi Arabia's Jamil Baroudy. The irrepressible Baroudy often gets one vote, and there is a growing suspicion that he casts it for himself.

the granddaughter of Charles Darwin. They have four grown children.

Imposing Cost. In the weeks ahead, Hambro is certain to be preoccupied with matters of protocol. From Oct. 14 to 24, when the U.N. formally celebrates its 25th anniversary, between 40 and 70 heads of state are expected to visit the glass-and-steel headquarters on Manhattan's East River.

Despite the imposing cast of characters, there is little likelihood of major diplomatic breakthroughs. That would be consistent with the U.N.'s record of the past 25 years—few big successes, some small ones and many disappointments. As Secretary-General U Thant said last week: "There are times when I believe that the U.N. has not been faring so badly; that we have had an uneasy peace during the last 25 years, and that we have at least avoided an atomic conflagration; that nearly a billion people have gained their independence, without the bloodshed and struggles which other nations had to endure. But there are other times when I believe that with the will, support and enlightened vision of governments, especially the major ones, the United Nations could have fared infinitely better and done more during this period." Few would challenge that point.



SWISS GUARDS



GUARD OF HONOR



PALATINE GUARD



VATICAN GENDARMES

Cutting the Vatican Guard

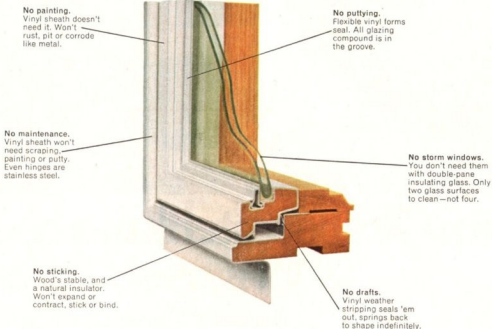
AS late as a century ago, the Pope ruled over a vast domain and maintained his own army to preserve his temporal power. Today, the greatest threats to peace in the 108-acre Vatican City are unmanageable crowds of tourists or occasional cranks who throw rocks at the Pontiff. Accordingly, Pope Paul VI last week disbanded three of the Vatican's four corps of brightly uniformed guards because, he said, they "no longer correspond to the needs for which they were founded." As a result, if a latter-day Stalin were to ask scornfully how many divisions the Pope had, the answer would be none, only 59 men.

The three disbanded corps, totaling 702 men, were rich in history and tradition. The 59-member Papal Guard of Honor (formerly the Noble Guard) traces its ancestry back to 1485. In 1527, every member was killed defending the Vatican against the sack of Rome by Emperor Charles V. Another casualty was the 498-member Palatine

Guard, dating from 1850. The usefulness of both groups had been reduced to ceremonial functions. The third disbanded corps, the Vatican Gendarmes, consisted of 145 armed and trained ex-soldiers and policemen, who were still performing very real guard duties.

The Pope's order leaves only the plumed, halberd-bearing Swiss Guards, a favorite of picture-snapping tourists, to patrol the venerable streets of the Vatican. Even the Guards, all Swiss Catholics and veterans of Switzerland's army, are a pale shadow of what they used to be. Founded in 1505 by Julius II, "the fighting Pope," 147 of the 189 Guards once died defending Pope Clement VII against 10,000 of Charles V's mercenaries. Because of recruiting problems, their numbers have dwindled to 59, and their functions have become largely ceremonial. In case of any real trouble, the once-mighty Vatican will have to call on Italian police for help.

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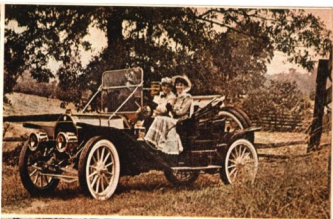
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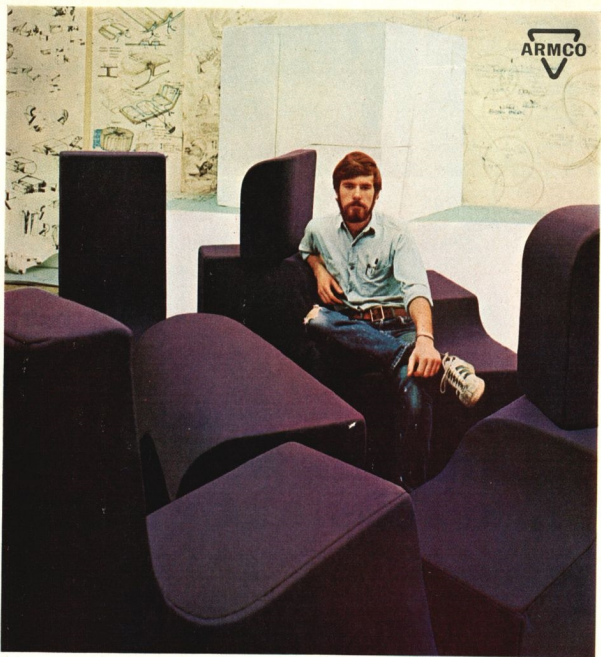
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PEOPLE

"I've lasted very well, don't you think?" asked Mystery Writer **Agatha Christie** last week on her 80th birthday as she received reporters at her Berkshire, England, home. "I must have stamina." Stamina indeed. The occasion also marked the publication in England of Agatha's 80th novel, *Passenger to Frankfurt*. "I call the book an extravaganza," she said, "but evidently it is not quite as extravagant or fantastic as I had supposed." Why? The plot involves a fictional event that this month became fact: the hijacking of four passenger airliners in Africa.



SOPHIA LOREN
Taking it quickly.

"I took to it quickly," explained **Sophia Loren**, "probably because I'm tall." As she arrived in Paris for a visit last week, Sophia was wearing it—a midi—in the form of a loose-fitting suit. The result was enough to give pause to the most enthusiastic advocate of the mid-calf look. If the midi makes Sophia look ungainly, what must it do to women who are merely beautiful?

Piraeus Public Prosecutor **Constantine Fafoutis** accused him of "inflicting legal injuries" on his wife **Eugenie**, and asked for an indictment (*Time*, Aug. 31). Greek Shipping Magnate **Stavros Niarchos** insisted that he had revived her only while attempting to revive her after she had taken an overdose of barbiturates. Last week a panel of three judges sided with the defendant and ruled that "no charges should be pressed." After telephoning the good news to his uncle, **Niarchos's** Nephew **Constantine Dracopoulos** announced to

newsmen: "Mr. **Niarchos** never doubted that Greek justice, with its reputation for strict impartiality and fairness, would finally vindicate him." The prosecutor can appeal to a higher court.

What qualified **Tricia Nixon** for her appointment by her father last week to the board of trustees of the John F. Kennedy Center for the Performing Arts? According to a White House source, "It was her great interest in the theater and her constant visits to museums." Executive Director **William McCormick Blair Jr.**, in the Kennedy years Ambassador to Denmark, enthusiastically welcomed his youngest board member. "We're delighted," said Blair. "It shows the interest of the President."

Sibling rivalry is one thing, but **Juanita Castro** may well be carrying it to



JUANITA CASTRO
Condemning her brother.

an extreme. In Kyoto, Japan, last week for an anti-Communist rally, **Fidel Castro's** younger sister—who once helped raise funds for his revolutionary movement—could not contain her antagonisms. "It was true that the Cuban people were in miserable conditions under the Batista dictatorship," said Juanita, who has been living in Miami since defecting from Cuba in 1964, "but Castro's dictatorship has made it worse." For the sake of democracy in Cuba, she dramatically added, she would even go so far as to kill her brother.

Humorist **S.J. Perelman**, 66, finds little to laugh about any more in the U.S. So, he announced last week that he was moving to London for good. Explained Perelman: "I think Swift said that life is not only nasty and brutish,

but short. That seemed to me a perfect description of life in a territory like New York." However, **Perelman** fans will probably not be deprived of his lampooning. "Today," he told a New York *Times* reporter, "the news in this country is so filled with insanity and violence that the newspapers have scant room for the sort of thing that turns me on—the bizarre. In Britain they still have the taste for eccentricity."

One of the few remaining male sanctuaries was violated last week when tall, shapely **Phyllis Shantz**, 24, was sworn in as the first female agent of the Secret Service. A University of Maryland graduate in sociology and criminology and a former District of Columbia policewoman, Phyllis was appointed to the new Executive Protective Service and could be assigned to Mrs. Nixon or Tricia. Although feminists hailed the appointment as another step toward equality, Phyllis seemed pleased with the effectiveness of her deference. "The men," she bubbles, "are just as nice as they can be. I don't know if they are this nice to other men."



EMPEROR HIROHITO & EMPRESS
Accepting a wildflower.

He has been outside his country only once—50 years ago when, as Crown Prince, he went on a state visit to Europe. That journey, 69-year-old **Emperor Hirohito** made clear, had been the high point of his life. "I'm full of memories of the trip," he said during a rare interview at his summer palace. "Until then my existence in the palace had been like that of a caged bird." Earlier, the Emperor accepted a sketch of a wildflower from the Empress, who has even more reason to be wistful: she has never left the shores of Japan.

EDUCATION

Gambling on Open Admissions

Jammed with 190,000 students, the 18 campuses of New York City's municipal university last week looked like 18 Grand Central stations during the height of rush hour. Classes met in auditoriums and converted storefronts, a synagogue and a onetime indoor hockey rink. With surprising fervor, the City University of New York (CUNY) had set out to help break the poverty cycle of young people—both white and black—who graduate with serious educational deficiencies from the city's high schools each year. Under its new "open admissions" policy, CUNY was taking such students despite their academic shortcomings, even admitting some of them directly into its four-year colleges.

It was the biggest such effort in U.S. history. Tests showed some of the new matriculants reading and doing math at barely ninth-grade level. Vice President Agnew has termed the scheme "new socialism." In a speech last April, he predicted that by admitting students "who do not meet the standards and requirements of higher education," New York "will have traded away one of the intellectual assets of the Western world for a four-year community college and 100,000 devalued diplomas." Some angry parents see open admissions as a giveaway of an opportunity that their children had to earn by academic merit.

All Comers. In fact, open admissions is hardly a new idea. For years, even Ivy League colleges accepted many whose only qualification was that they could pay the tuition. Only the poor had to fight for entrance, by competing for scholarships. Stringent selections began in earnest after World War II, when U.S. colleges were deluged with applicants. But many state universities continued to admit all high school graduates, then flunked out droves of dul-



STUDENTS ON CITY COLLEGE CAMPUS
Changing the rules to break the cycle.

lards; most institutions made exceptions for athletes and alumni sons. All comers have been welcome at most of the two-year community colleges that now enable 60% of high school graduates to attend some kind of college.

Given current admissions standards, though, putting disadvantaged kids directly into four-year colleges is daring indeed. The CUNY staff readily concedes that the university is living dangerously. "This is a break in the notion that merit alone counts for admission," says Vice-Chancellor Timothy S. Healy. "Our critics say we're changing the rules of the game, and we are. We believe in giving second chances. The day is over when this society can afford to tell a kid that simply because he's had trouble with English and math, he can never get beyond high school."

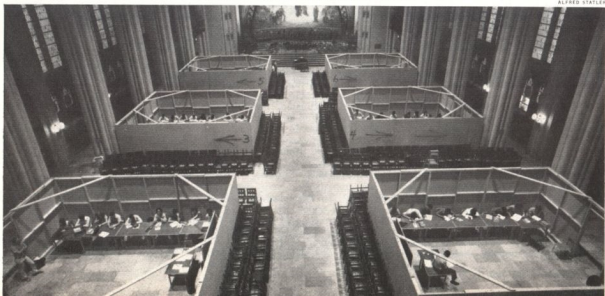
Racial agitation helped push CUNY into that stance. Last year black and

Puerto Rican militants closed down the university's well-known City College for two weeks, demanding among other things the admission of more minority students. "We could have withstood the political pressure and the violence for two more years, but only with a lot of academic double talk and finagling," says Healy. Instead, the university's deceptively soft-spoken Chancellor Albert H. Bowker and a unanimous Board of Higher Education decided to outpace the militants, speed up expansion plans by five years, and offer a place to every city high school graduate who wanted one this fall.

The change increased CUNY's already huge freshman class of 19,000 to more than 35,000 students. The university now enrolls at least every other 1970 high school graduate in New York City. More than 9,000 of the new freshmen could not meet last year's admission standards for a four-year college: a minimum grade average of 82% at one of New York's better high schools. Under the new system, students may enter CUNY's nine senior colleges with an average of 80% or a rank in the top half of their class at any high school. Since low scores on reading and math tests are not held against them, the net effect is a deliberate break for those who went to poor high schools. Significantly, 50% of the students who have been admitted only as a result of open admissions are white, a fact that makes CUNY officials confident of broader public support than many critics predicted.

Time to Finish. Not all of the "high-risk" students will flood onto the system's four-year campuses. Half will follow the pattern made famous by the California educational system and attend one of CUNY's seven two-year community colleges. University officials decided that to send all of the high risks to these campuses—the strategy that Agnew and other critics favor—would reinforce the discouragement of many

TEMPORARY CLASSROOMS IN FORMER ASSEMBLY HALL



ALFRED STATLER

black students and their teachers and prolong *de facto* segregation.

Acknowledging fears that the expansion would scare off outstanding students, Bowker redoubled recruiting efforts and succeeded in attracting the same proportion of academic whiz kids that the university has boasted in past years. To keep the disadvantaged students from dragging down academic standards, the university is giving them as much time as they need to finish, plus a stiff dose of remedial courses. The catch-up work will not count toward a degree. Bowker insists: "We will not award college degrees for anything except college-level work."

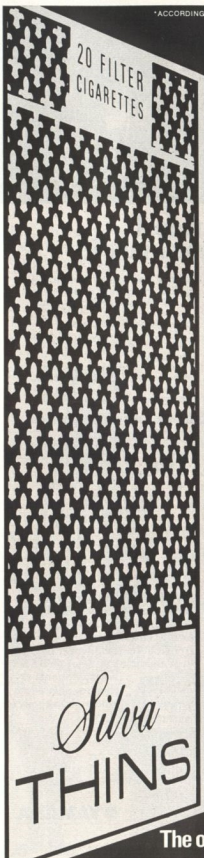
The goal, in short, is to challenge high-risk freshmen to outreach themselves, and last week many of them seemed ready to try. Margaret Sias, a 27-year-old black mother of four with a diploma in "beauty culture" from a Mississippi high school, enrolled "because I'm tired of working in the five-and-dime. Regardless of color, we poor people want to get out of our rut and help others around us start moving." Said Nancy Vincenty, who had planned on being a clerk-typist before she heard of open admissions: "If you want to go to college and don't think you'll ever be able to, and suddenly you get the chance, you really work extra hard to stay there."

\$50 a Week. CUNY has had more experience with work programs than most universities: for the past four years it has run two programs for disadvantaged students called SEEK (Search for Education, Elevation and Knowledge) and College Discovery. Though most of the SEEKERS had had high school problems, intensive counseling and stipends of as much as \$50 per week have enabled roughly 40% of them to earn diplomas of some kind—a figure not much lower than the 50% of traditionally qualified U.S. students who complete their work. Still, this year's high-risk students will be hard pressed to do as well.

One problem is CUNY money. Due to an underestimate of enrollment, the university's \$322 million budget is adequate for only 30,000 freshmen instead of the estimated 35,000 now signed up. With backing from labor unions, who see open admissions as a boon for their members' children, the state and city will probably provide all the funds that Bowker needs. But until the money comes through, the university's 1,000 new teachers and guidance counselors will be far from sufficient. It will take longer to unjam the classrooms. Construction is so slow that the shortage of space will not let up for another two years.

Unpardonable Sin. Despite Bowker's determination to keep high standards, critics feel that some dilution of quality must eventually appear in even the best-funded and -staffed open-admissions program. Guaranteed admissions, they argue, may lead to insidious pressures for guaranteed diplomas. At the moment the biggest worry is how to keep

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many students from dropping out, but "20% of these kids get a degree," says Vice-Chancellor Healy. "That's 20% above zero." Even those who earn two-year degrees will benefit the city, which sorely needs trained people in fields ranging from medicine to police work.

If the CUNY experiment works, it will almost certainly set a pattern for other urban campuses. "Failure is possible," Bowker conceded last week. But at a time when the gap between blacks and whites is widening, he added, "the unpardonable sin would have been for us not to try."

Too Many Teachers?

As most of the nation's 51.6 million schoolchildren trooped back to class after Labor Day, thousands of teachers were still knocking on the schoolhouse doors. The "teacher shortage," once as widely deplored and resignedly accepted as the national debt, is virtually over.

Typical is northern California's rural Siskiyou County. Last year Siskiyou had to delay the opening of one of its schools because it could not find teachers. This year officials were deluged with 20 to 30 letters a day asking for teaching assignments. In Grand Rapids, Mich., getting some teaching jobs has become almost as hard as getting into Harvard, with 50 applicants for each position in history. The massive New York City school system, which until two years ago conducted summer crash training programs for apprentice teachers, began school last week with about 4,500 extra applicants.

Record Crop. A major reason for the change is the aging of the postwar baby boom. As the babies reached school age in the '50s and early '60s, they created the teacher shortage by their sheer numbers. Now they have moved through college and produced a record crop of teachers. This year the new academic job seekers are being joined by refugees from the tight private job market.

Meanwhile, the U.S. birth rate has been declining. This fall, for the first time since 1946, elementary school enrollment is expected to decrease slightly, by about 100,000 pupils. That is enough to make some school districts cut back their hiring. In addition, school boards from Dayton to suburban Scarsdale, N.Y., have had difficulty getting their school levies past the voters.

Dime a Dozen. Actually, the oversupply of teachers is largely confined to certain subjects. By one estimate, for example, the U.S. now has 15,000 qualified social studies teachers who cannot find jobs in their field. At the same time shortages still exist in math and science, preschool education, guidance work, industrial arts and programs for the handicapped. The changing job market may even improve teaching slightly as administrators stop hiring instructors with minimum qualifications. Says Siskiyou's Assistant Superintendent Bob Dais: "Master's degrees are a dime a dozen now."

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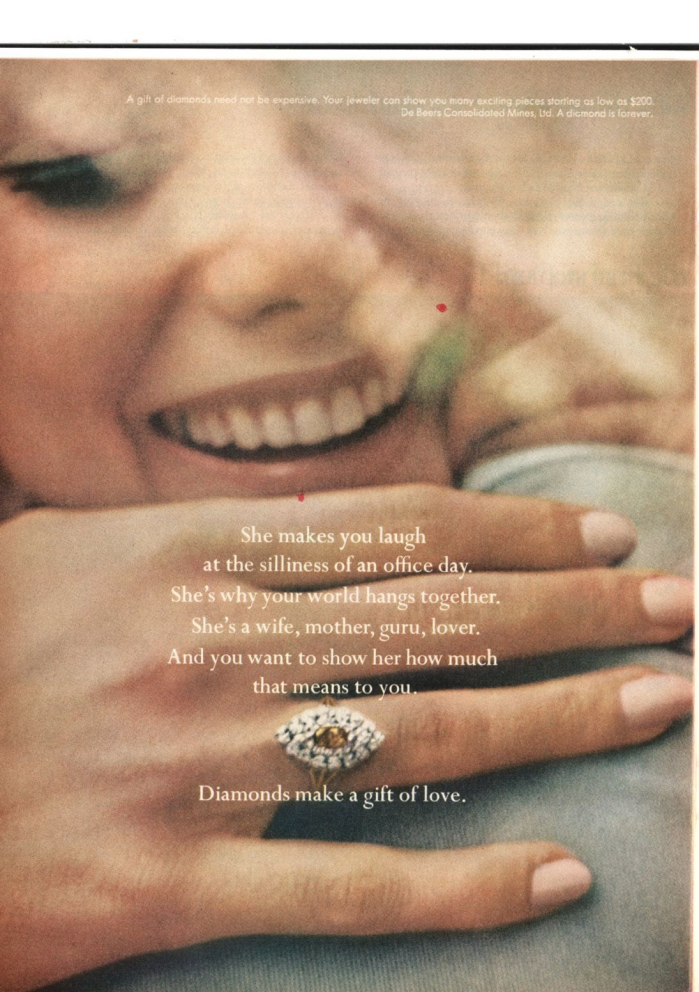
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A NEW AMERICAN CREDO

In 1920, satirists H.L. Mencken and George Jean Nathan published a book called *The American Credo*. It contained a chrestomathy of shibboleths, prejudices, common beliefs and unexamined truisms held sacred by millions—"That it snowed every Christmas down to fifteen years ago," for example, or "that oysters are a great aphrodisiac." The Credo badly needs updating. In 50 years, America has become a more divided land, and its favorite truisms are less firmly fixed. But a lot of cliché consensus can still be found. In the public interest, TIME herewith proposes a few articles of faith for a revised edition.

WE, THE PEOPLE, BELIEVE:

That it is easier to send a man to the moon than to clean up a slum.

That the Mafia is run by kindly old men with big houses in the suburbs.

That if the Reds ever invaded the U.S., the first group they would liquidate would be the New Left.

That Los Angeles is now what the whole world will be like some day.

That Richard Burton would have been a great Shakespearean actor had he not married Elizabeth Taylor.



That after you see enough of it, pornography is very dull—and besides, it never corrupts anybody who isn't already depraved.

That there is a little DDT in everything we eat.

That a secretary who wears the same dress to the office two days in a row has probably slept over with her boy friend.

That the old Metropolitan Opera House was better than the new Metropolitan Opera House.

That the children of psychoanalysts are the most neurotic kids of all.

That the theater doesn't communicate to young people, but movies do.

That gambling is a disease, like malaria.

That television commercials are better than the shows they sponsor.

That today's young people have a stronger sense of morality than their elders (or no respect and responsibility for anything).

That children trained in the new math won't know how to add or subtract by the time they get to college.

That if you put a swimming pool in your backyard, it will raise the value of your house by \$10,000.

That American cities are uninhabitable except by the very rich and the very poor.

That modern translations of the Bible just can't compare with the King James Version.

That if Bach were alive today, he would be composing rock.

That you are safer flying a jet than driving your own automobile.

That Canada is just a pale gray version of the U.S., with snow.

That computers will create new jobs, just as factory machines did during the Industrial Revolution.

That the musical, the western and jazz are the only authentic American art forms.

That the U.N. may not be effective, but at least when men are talking they're not fighting.

That the crushing burdens of the presidency make it the loneliest job in the world.

That hippie dress is just as conformist as the gray flannel suit.

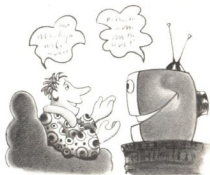
That marijuana is the martini of the turned-on generation (or the first step on the road to drug addiction).

That a group-encounter game is really a euphemism for an orgy.

That doctors can transplant hearts, but they still can't find a cure for the common cold.



That homosexuality is a disease, like malaria.



That the late-night television talk shows have revived the lost art of conversation.

That if Congress ever outlawed the gun, only outlaws would have guns.

That the Russians want peace as much as we do, but their leadership forbids it.

That to the Eastern Liberal Establishment press, Middle America is a foreign country.

That inside every fat man, a thin one is screaming to be let out.

That nobody reads anything in The New Yorker except the cartoon captions.

That pro football is the thinking man's sport.

That it is impossible to get a bad meal in France or a good one in Spain.

That all wine snobs are phonies who can't tell Clos de Vougeot from red ink.

That they could make a light bulb that would last a dozen years, but it would put General Electric and Westinghouse out of business.

That Dr. Spock is responsible for Woodstock Nation.

That girls in the Women's Liberation movement are lesbians who have burned their bras.

That you never hear a good joke any more.

That things were better for the country when blacks were called Negroes and wanted civil rights.

That it takes the taxi longer to get from the airport to your home than it does for the jet to fly from city to city.

That superhighways have taken all the joy out of driving.

That bartenders never drink, astronauts can't fly, stockbrokers don't invest, bankers never save and insurance salesmen never have any policies of their own.

That girls with deep brown suntans will have skin like rhinoceros hide in 20 years.

That Hugh Hefner doesn't really like sex.

► Compiled by Stefan Kanfer and John T. Egan

RELIGION

The Brussels Declaration

Not since the Reformation has Roman Catholic theology been such a popular topic as in the years following the Second Vatican Council. New opinions by theologians on such diverse subjects as sexual morality, original sin, papal infallibility and even the nature of the Mass and sacraments have provoked applause, shock and division. Last week, in an attempt to arrive at some "common denominators" that might ease the division, 225 of those theologians—mostly Catholics but including a few Protestants—met in Brussels to discuss "The Future of the Church."

Their consensus turned out to be a major statement for Catholic theology

countries, including 40 from Asia, Africa and Latin America. Some 700 observers signed up and nearly 200 journalists arrived for the five-day conference. Earnest, grave, mostly business-suited in the now-common European priestly fashion, the theologians gathered in Brussels' vast Palais des Congrès. The conference began peacefully enough. Then, when Schillebeeckx and his *Concilium* colleagues offered 28 rough-draft resolutions for the congress to consider, the lid came off.

Three a Day. A U.S. liberal, Fordham Jesuit Ladislav Orsy, led the rebels. "Are you trying to manipulate us?" he asked the organizers from the floor. Liberals and conservatives alike protested the prepackaged resolutions. After

resurrection is "a dangerous and liberating remembrance of freedom" that requires Christians to challenge oppressive systems.

Important Viewpoints. Boiled down to resolutions, the ideas went to eleven separate working groups, where the proposals were attacked phrase by phrase as if the participants were drafting a new Nicene Creed. Afterward, each group reported its objections, and the resolutions were once again reworked. "It's impossible," moaned one participant as his group tried to revise three resolutions on the church in society. "We're trying to do in three paragraphs what Vatican II did in one of its longest documents." Yet the results, in the end, were substantial.

In a preamble to the final documents, the congress organizers said, "we do not wish to offer any theological definition or answers. But we are of the conviction that the following viewpoints are important in both theory and practice." Excerpts from their conclusions:

ON THEOLOGY. "The work of theology is to be carried out in the light of both the Gospel message and society, i.e., the contribution of various cultures, their sciences, arts, literature and religions. This implies a theological pluralism . . ."

ON THE NATURE OF CHRIST. Those who would speak of Jesus without taking into account his relation to God fail to recognize him as the Christ. Those who would speak of Jesus without taking into account his relation to men fail to recognize his relevance as the Christ."

ON POLITICAL ACTION. "Christian communities must acquire a critical awareness of their historically conditioned situations and take a position in favor of freedom in the various societies of which they are a part."

ON POLITICAL PRISONERS. "We express our solidarity with those who are actually working for the liberation of men, in particular with those who are exiled, imprisoned, or tortured because of this involvement." Among the prisoners singled out: Joaquim Pinto de Andrade, who for the past ten years has been either in prison or in exile in Angola, seven Brazilian Dominicans accused of being members of a terrorist group, and the Berrigan brothers, now in prison for destroying U.S. Government draft files. The resolution also referred to "many others whose names cannot be publicly mentioned"—a reference presumably including some imprisoned in Communist countries.

ON CHURCH ORGANIZATION. "The New Testament presents diverse types and even several principles of organization of the Christian communities. On this basis there have been developed, in the course of history, multiple forms of church order. In the light of history, we ought to respect and pursue diversity."

ON ELECTION IN THE CHURCH. "The nature of the church, the people of God and the evolution of history necessitate to



THEOLOGIAN SCHILLEBEECKX
Serving the same Christian message.

embracing 15 resolutions, each passed by more than two-thirds of the theologians voting. The congress called for more democratic methods of choosing the Pope, bishops and priests. It called for pluralism in both theology and church structure, insisted on Christian involvement in securing political freedom, and urged investigation of a role for women in the ministry.

At first it seemed as if the congress might simply have been a good opportunity for theologians to gather and learn how far they had come since Vatican II and how far they had yet to go. Sponsored by *Concilium*, a five-year-old international journal of theology edited by some of Catholicism's most progressive thinkers, the congress provided an array of theological superstars including The Netherlands' Edward Schillebeeckx, France's Yves Congar, Germany's Karl Rahner, Hans Küng and Johan Metz. Participants came from 32

two days of sometimes bitter floor debate, the participants finally voted 144 to 47 to publish their own resolutions.

This crisis behind them, the theologians went briskly to business. Three-day speeches, directed toward such topics as the contemporary meaning of the Christian message and the place of the church in society, had begun during the resolutions squabble. Yves Congar spoke of the rise of small, experimental Christian communities, arguing that despite irregularities "they represent something valuable, and must be accepted." Belgian Theologian Antoine Vergote argued for a more relaxed church attitude in promulgating sex ethics, charging that too many potential Catholics are discouraged by moral laws presented as "finished and perfect systems that one must take or leave." Johan Metz reiterated the political corollary of the theology of hope: that the memory of Jesus Christ's passion, death and

day a revision of the procedure by which a Pope, a bishop or a pastor is chosen. Thus, it would be appropriate if the members of the Christian community would be able to participate in the choice of their ministers."

ON WOMEN IN THE CHURCH. "We must denounce discrimination against women in the church, a discrimination which often exists also in the rest of society. The church should examine seriously the possible role of women in the ministries."

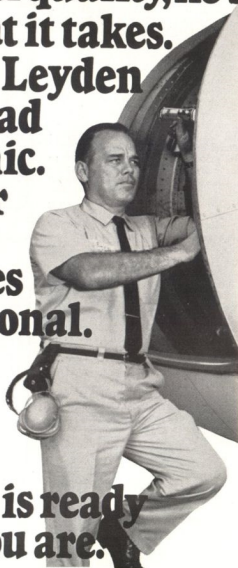
A few participants who craved more radical statements were disappointed. "They've been thinking about these things for ten years," explained Chicago Divinity School's Langdon Gilkey, one of the Protestant theologians at the congress, "and they're bored. But what is happening here is exhilarating. It's absolutely revolutionary." That may well be so. The very fact that the theologians chose to express themselves so positively, Yves Congar suggested, was revolutionary in itself.

If the resolutions of the Brussels declaration are to accomplish anything concrete in the Roman Catholic Church, there must be an answer for "the widening credibility gap" between hierarchy and theologians that Belgium's Leo-Jozef Cardinal Suenens noted during the congress. To bridge that gap may well require something as dramatic as the proposal Suenens made in his opening address to the meeting: a second Council of Jerusalem, including Orthodox and Protestant Christians as well as Roman Catholics. But it might begin, as the theologians suggest in one of their resolutions, with a recognition that "the magisterium of the church and the theologians serve one same Christian message." If that realization blooms and the hierarchy in fact listen to even a fraction of the ideas put forth at Brussels, the church and the world in which it lives will surely be different.

Bishop Under Duress

European Catholics were shocked to learn last year that Bishop Matthias Defregger, promising head of a large diocese in Munich, had passed on orders to kill 17 Italian villagers while he was serving as a German army captain in 1944 (TIME, July 18, 1969). Defregger's fate hung in the balance for months, but last week the case was officially closed, at least from the German point of view. The Munich prosecutor's office announced that it had interrogated more than 200 witnesses, and had decided to drop all charges because Defregger acted under duress. In an apparent trade-off, Julius Cardinal Döpfner announced the next day that he would accept Defregger's resignation as leader of the diocese. Defregger will retain the rank of bishop and handle administrative tasks regarding religious orders. Meanwhile an investigation continues in the village of Filetto di Camarda, where the executions took place.

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MUSIC

L'Italiana di Harlem

No opera house caters to Italian opera more lavishly than New York's Metropolitan. But probably no one except Rudolf Bing could have dared, as Bing did last week, to open a big new Met season with a work like *Ernani*, one of Verdi's least mature operas. As a tale of romance and intrigue among 16th-century grandees, *Ernani* mostly creaks where it should crackle. As music, it is an example of early Verdi that too often comes out merely as early compah-pah. That Bing succeeded at all merely proves his mastery of his craft.

If not great Verdi, *Ernani* does at least offer signs and portents of greatness to come. Its orchestral writing heralds the style of *Don Carlo* and *Aida*. It contains a healthy portion of the soaring vocal writing that was made to order for the all-star cast that Bing assembled for the occasion. As Carlo—better known to history as the Emperor Charles V—Sherrill Milnes affirmed his pre-eminent position among American baritones, singing with truly empyreal grace and a voice that opened on many intriguing corridors of power. In a spectacular Met debut in the role of the aging Silva, Ruggero Raimondi, 28, strode the stage as if born to gray hair and villainy. A native of Bologna, Raimondi has been singing opera for only five years but his clean, coppery voice already suggests the younger Ezio Pinza.

The object of Silva's and everybody else's affections was Martina Arroyo, as Elvira. Her acting, even by the standards of opera, was on the tame side. But she provided the kind of feathery high notes, creamy middle range and sheer power that have made her one of the Met's most reliable prima donnas.

She had no chance of stealing the show from Milnes and Raimondi. The opening-night lead, though, is the biggest plum the Met can offer. In the hypertense backstage world of grand opera, Arroyo is a refreshingly unpretentious anti-diva—a cool, relaxed, blend of fun and kindness. Explaining how she got the part, she remarked characteristically, "My mother says it's because all the good singers were out of town."

Fourth Man. "Martina has never changed," remarks Met Coloratura Reri Grist, a longtime friend. "She is the same person whether she talks to royalty or the janitor." Perhaps that is because when she was a child in Harlem, her father sometimes had to eke out his income as a mechanical engineer by working as an apartment house superintendent. Her mother occasionally hired out as a domestic. Martina was bright enough to pass the entrance tests at a demanding but free special high school run by Manhattan's Hunter College. Later, she went through Hunter itself in three years, majoring in romance languages and singing on the side. Af-

terward she taught high school for a year, then worked as a case worker for the city welfare department.

In 1958 Arroyo entered and won the Metropolitan Opera Auditions, and a year later found herself back there singing the celestial—but offstage—voice in *Don Carlo*. Eventually she graduated, as she puts it, "to Valkyries, Rhinemaidens, and the fourth man on the left." In her free time, she followed the concert circuit in Europe, singing oratorios and lieder at \$75 a night. "Once we hit 45 cities in 49 days," she recalls. "And every one of them seemed to begin with Bad. You know, Bad Ems, Bad this, Bad that." Her big break came one night in Febru-



SOPRANO ARROYO

Opening-night plum for an anti-diva.

O Terrore, O Gioia!

TO enjoy—or merely endure—Italian opera, especially Verdi, a word-for-word acquaintance with the libretto is not essential. Most listeners will be able to navigate the critical junctures of the average plot by developing a familiarity with a handful of catch phrases. Such verbal adornments keep the melodrama moving and can be used to tell almost any story. As in the following dialogue—drawn entirely from Verdi's *Ernani*—which took place between an opera-loving wife and a bored husband on opening night at the Met.

SCENE I

He: *Beviam!* (Let's get a drink!)

She: *Per pietà.* (Wait until intermission, dummy.)

He: *Io sono il re!* (I am the king!)

She: *Il delirar non vale.* (Stop your raving.)

ary 1965, back at the Met, when in the classical situation she was asked to go on for an ailing Birgit Nilsson in *Aida*. "No kidding, I was told 'This is the door, that's your father and that's the audience. Don't forget.'" Then somebody pushed her onstage. She knew the role from her Düsseldorf days, and when the Met turned the lights down on the final tomb scene, the audience rose as one in Arroyo's honor.

Today, no prima donna is busier singing, and shuttling back and forth across the globe, than Martina. Now 34, she is married to Emilio Poggioni, an Italian violinist who plays with a chamber music group in Florence. Twin musical careers keep them continents apart much of the time. Once in an uncanny outburst of what might be called Italian-American ESP, they each grew lonely on the same night and decided to do something about it right away. Martina boarded a TWA flight for Rome. In Milan, Emilio booked into an Alitalia jet bound for Kennedy Airport. Next morning they were still oceans apart.

If Arroyo's career seems wedded indelibly to Italian opera, she manages to maintain an ingratiating attitude of *verismo* about it all. But the plots often give her the giggles. Last week her true love Ernani (Tenor Carlo Bergonzi) had to commit suicide in Act IV because of one of those fatuous operatic pledges he made in Act II. "Downright silly," says Arroyo. Still, her repertory (notably *Aida*, and *Il Trovatore*) does contain some glorious music, and it was with the same roles that the still unequaled Leontyne Price opened the doors at the Met for many a black sister: Grace Bumbry, Shirley Verrett, Reri Grist and, of course, Arroyo herself. "It is not easy to carry that sort of weight, and personally I would not want to do it," says Arroyo. "But Leontyne made it easier for us, and I hope we are making it easier for the next crowd."

He: *Morrai!* (You shall die!)

She: *Che felice ti farà?* (That will make you happy?)

He: *Un re non mente!* (A king doesn't lie!)

She: *O terrore.* (Oh, terror.)

He: *Sarà sposa, non amante.* (She may be a bride, but not a lover.)

She: *Io tremo sol per te.* (I tremble only for you.)

He: *Taci, o donna!* (Be silent, O woman.)

She: *Mio signor, dolente io sono* (My Lord, I am sorry.)

He: *Caro accento.* (Beloved word.)

She: *O gioia!* (Oh, joy!)

He: *Fuggiamo! Fuggiamo! Fuggiamo!* (Let us fly! Let us fly! Let us fly!)

SCENE 2

He: *Beviam!* (Now—about that drink!)

Getting It Straight

Remember back in 1958 when Danny and the Juniors sang with the fervor of true disciples, "Rock and roll will always be/It'll go down in history?" Well, a new book called *The Sound of the City* (Outerbridge & Dienstfrey, \$6.95 hardbound, \$2.95 paperback) is the history they were singing about. There have been other chronicles about the rise of rock, but they have been either too scattershot or too personal. *The Sound of the City* manages to be both enthusiastic and exact. It is the best history of rock yet published.

Author Charlie Gillett begins his story back in the '40s, when the rhythm-and-blues musicians who sang about "rock and roll" were talking about loving, not music. It took some shrewd record producers and a Cleveland disk jockey named Alan Freed to make the term—and the music itself—acceptable to a larger, white audience. The sound came off the streets and was segregated as carefully as the people who listened to it.

Gillett, who is an Englishman, indulges in some shaky transatlantic sociology while trying to explain how the music transcended the color line and why postwar youth—through its excessive leisure time and readiness to flaunt opposition to the adult world—was eager to accept the rough, driving new sound. Written originally as an M.A. thesis, *The Sound of the City* sometimes gives off a faint odor of scholarly stuffiness. It is startling to see early greats like Chuck Berry, Fats Domino and Bo Diddley referred to, in the best tradition of academic criticism, by their surnames. Saying Domino without Fats or Diddley without Bo just seems wrong, somehow.

But Gillett is at his frequent best talking about five basic styles that finally merged into rock: Northern band, New Orleans dance blues, rockabilly from Memphis, Chicago rhythm and blues and vocal group rock. With great skill, he shows how they developed independently of each other, and how gutsy, sexy rhythm-and-blues tunes (mainly black) were homogenized into white rock and roll.

A rhythm-and-blues tune by Hank Ballard and the Midnighters called *Work with Me, Annie*, for example, made the charts in a much diluted version designed expressly for the white market. In the original, Ballard and his group put it straight, low and mean:

*Work with me, Annie
Let's get it while the getting is good
Annie, please don't cheat
Give me all my meat.*

In the version that eventually became a hit, the lyric (rendered by an entirely different vocalist) was diffused into "Dance with me, Henry/Let's dance while the music rolls on."

After a while, the singers as well as the lyrics were changed. For every funky

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MARTHA HOLMES



FATS DOMINO (1957)

The sound came off the streets.

performer like Chuck Berry, there were a dozen droopy-eyed, ducktailed teen-idol types like Bobby Rydell, Frankie Avalon, Fabian and even Tab Hunter, all of whom threatened to turn rock into lachrymose lullabies for lovelorn girls. It was British groups like the Beatles and the Rolling Stones, with their heavy and acknowledged debt to American soul and blues, who revitalized rock by getting back to its roots.

Unlike some rock fans, Gillett also understands that rock, alas, is as much an industry as an art. Today it is easy to forget that back in the early 1950s, a new musical trend had little chance of gathering momentum unless it was supported by a major record company (Columbia, RCA Victor, Decca, Capitol). Shamelessly, the majors scoured the catalogues of small, regional record companies for top-notch rock and roll songs, then re-recorded them in what the trade calls "cover" versions, using their own stars. Shamefully, most of the radio disk jockeys—with exceptions like Freed—obliged the big companies by playing their issues. In the end, though, both the record companies and the DJs were foiled. "The audience was determined to have the real thing," writes Gillett, "not a synthetic version of the original. Independent companies, sensing this desire, were eager to satisfy it."

Down the Up Poll

It was a time when even the young could begin to feel the chill of history. Last week London's *Melody Maker* magazine announced that its annual readers' popularity poll placed the Beatles in the No. 2 spot—behind the hard-rock quartet, Led Zeppelin. Since the group rose from Liverpool to world renown eight years ago, it was the first time the Beatles had ever slipped below No. 1.

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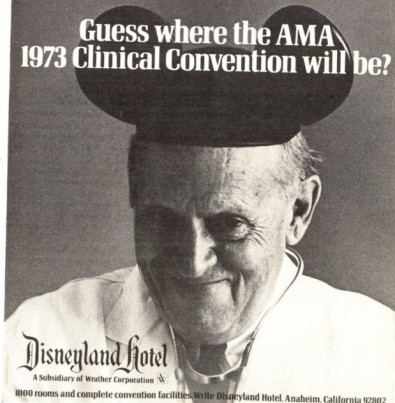
Those who were not yet born now have an exciting motion picture that will take them—not only to that incredible moment—but to the days that preceded that moment, and made it happen. Behind the scenes in America. And in Japan.


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SPORT

Maggie and the Little Master

One of these years, the U.S. tennis champion may actually be from the U.S. But not in 1970. Although Americans accounted for four of the eight men's quarter-finalists and two of the four women's semifinalists in the U.S. Open Tennis Championships at Forest Hills last week, it was the Australians who won. At 35, Ken Rosewall became the oldest player to win the U.S. men's singles since Bill Tilden did it in 1929 at age 36. By winning the women's singles title, Mrs. Margaret Smith Court became the first woman to complete tennis' grand slam—the Australian, French, British and American championships—since Maureen ("Little Mo") Connolly turned the trick in 1953.

Rosewall's victory, the 14th U.S. men's title won by an Australian in the past 20 years, was a triumph of precision over power. His opponent in the finals was fellow Aussie Tony Roche, 25, a hard-driving lefthander who was no older than a ball boy when Rosewall won his first U.S. championship in 1956. The diminutive veteran countered Roche's crashing slams with an array of delicate ground strokes that his younger opponent whacked helplessly into the net. Time and again, as the burly Roche charged in to follow up his whistling serve, Rosewall hit the kind of low, sharply angled passing shot that had long ago earned him the nickname of the Little Master. Final score: 2-6, 6-4, 7-6, 6-3. A perennial runner-up in recent years, Rosewall accepted the \$20,000 winner's check, his biggest payoff ever, with a lengthy speech that he said he had been preparing "during those long times between wins."

Astounding Force. If anything, Margaret Court, winner of 20 tournaments this year, is running out of ways to say thank you. In sweeping the grand slam, she lost only three of 49 sets. A rangy country girl from New South Wales, she overwhelms smaller players with her booming serves and bulleting volleys. Graced with the long legs of a middle-distance runner, she covers more court than any woman in tennis.

With her potentially toughest opponent, Billie Jean King, unable to compete in the U.S. Open because of a knee operation, the only question was how fast Mighty Maggie would finish off the field. Nancy Richey lasted only 27 minutes in the semifinals, while Rosemary Casals managed to endure for 56 minutes in the finals. Afterward, Rosemary could only mutter, "Her long arms, they seemed to go all round the court." According to London's Human Biomechanics Laboratory, which recently tested Margaret, her arms are indeed a good 3 in. to 4 in. longer than those of the average woman tested. At 5 ft. 9 in. and 155 lbs., she is not only 2 in. taller and 13 lbs. heavier than

Rosewall, but she exerts an astounding force of 1211 lbs. in her right hand, which equaled or surpassed that of the men tested.

Sunday to Sunday. An ardent gymnast and weight lifter, Margaret nonetheless bristles at the suggestion that she is some kind of Amazon in sneakers. Shy and demure off court, she is a green-eyed blonde with a fondness for gourmet cooking and fashion design. Maggie grew up in Albury, New South Wales, playing tennis against the boys. At 15 she had collected so many trophies that her parents sent her off to train with Frank Sedgman

RAY FRANKLIN—GAMMA 8



MARGARET SMITH COURT

Running out of ways to say thank you.

in Melbourne. At 17 she became the youngest woman ever to win the Australian championship. Two years later she was ranked the world's No. 1 women's player.

In 1966 Maggie abruptly retired from tennis and opened a boutique in a suburb of Perth. "I've won everything," she said, "and I am bored with tennis." Then she met and married Barry Court, a well-to-do businessman. "I talked about how I would like to see the world," recalls Court, "and the next thing I knew Margaret was back on tour." That was in 1967. Though the Courts have followed the tennis circuit around the world three times, Barry finds that he sees little more than the inside of hotel rooms. "The trouble is," he says, "she gets to the finals of every tournament, and that means she's playing from Sunday to Sunday."

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MEDICINE

Radioactive Diagnosis

Among the fascinating new problems of medical research is how to use radioisotopes—forms of normally stable elements made radioactive in atom smashers. Radioisotopes have already become helpful in irradiating and arresting cancer. Lately, researchers have achieved even more significant results in cancer diagnosis. Because radioisotopes tend to concentrate in certain organs or diseased tissues, physicians have been able to detect tumors as much as six months before they appear on conventional X rays. Result: an important head start in the treatment of those that are malignant.

What makes radioisotopes so valuable is that they can be used selectively. Isotopes of iodine, for example, incorporate in the thyroid gland, where they can be used in both the detection and treatment of cancer, in some cases even eliminating the need for surgery. Fluorine, a related element, has a radioactive isotope (F-18) that concentrates in bones, facilitating the detection of bone cancers.

Best for Brain. Dr. John Laughlin of Manhattan's Sloan-Kettering Institute reports nitrogen 13 and oxygen 15 highly effective in studying lung diseases. An entirely artificial element, technetium $99m$, produced by nuclear bombardment of molybdenum in a reactor, is rated by most medical centers as the best for detecting tumors of the brain. Both the gases and technetium have the advantage of short half-lives—that is, they lose half of their radioactivity in hours, or at most a few days. Thus, their radiation is so short-lived that it will not harm the patient exposed to it.

Radioisotopes have come a long way since the dawn of the atomic age. In the first years of nuclear medicine, they could be made only at atomic energy centers, and had to be shipped long distances to hospitals. To remain effective, they had to have longer half-lives, which meant that their radioactivity persisted in the bodies of patients. The newer, short-lived isotopes can be made in cyclotrons scattered across the country. They can be used within hours or even minutes of their production.

Bone to Blood. Current interest is focused on two isotopes of indium and gallium. At Ohio State University, Radiologists William W. Hunter Jr. and Xavier J. Riccobono worked with indium 111, which was produced in the campus cyclotron. Using a special scanner, they found that the radioisotope concentrated heavily in bone in the first 24 hours after intravenous injection. As a result, X-ray photographs taken after the first day tended to reveal bone cancer. Even better, the radioactive molecules then joined proteins in the blood, concentrating in young, fast-growing tumors, thus revealing the sites of other cancers.

Such revelations have been surpris-

ingly accurate. In one case, In-111 disclosed a lung tumor six months before it became visible on X rays. In another, the scanner showed a cancer six centimeters wide. From the operating room, the pathologist studying the growth phoned Hunter to say that the radiologist had been wrong—the cancer was only three centimeters wide. Later, he corrected himself; more careful examination revealed a spread of malignant cells through the six-centimeter zone.

100-to-1. The front runner among today's diagnostic radioisotopes is gallium 67. Like indium, it can be virtually handcrafted any time in any cyclotron. It, too, has a half-life of approximately three days—just right for selective concentration in a series of body tissues.

At Oak Ridge Associated Universities, Biologist Raymond L. Hayes and Physician C. Lowell Edwards have given Ga-67 intravenously to 84 patients. At first

it shows no selectivity between normal and tumor tissues. But after 48 hours the concentrations are enormously different in diseased and healthy areas: 10 to 1 for some blood cancers, and as high as 100 to 1 in muscle cancer. Ga-67's spectrum of cancer selectivity is probably the widest of any radioisotope.

Reassurance on Rubella

Though doctors were delighted when rubella (German measles) vaccines were licensed 15 months ago, many asked a troubling question: Could a recently vaccinated child spread the highly contagious rubella virus to a pregnant woman? If so, the risk of damage or even death to her unborn child might be as great as that from exposure to the actual disease.

Last week that fear was assuaged by Dr. Jorge A. Veronelli of Case Western Reserve University School of Medicine. Writing in the *A.M.A. Journal*, Pediatrician Veronelli reported on a study of 1,686 children and their mothers in a Cleveland suburb, which shows that vaccinating children during a mother's pregnancy is "extremely unlikely to be hazardous to the unborn offspring."

To avoid confusion with naturally occurring rubella infections, Veronelli conducted his study in early winter, when there would be little or no natural rubella in the community. Before vaccinating the children, he tested their mothers' blood, found 62 women susceptible to rubella. To their children he gave only inert, placebo injections, rather than risk indirectly infecting a vulnerable woman who might be pregnant without yet knowing it.

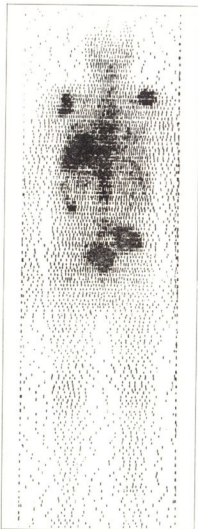
Tests on susceptible siblings of the 1,534 children who received rubella vaccines yielded no traces of response to the virus. In most cases there was little or none of the telltale rise in blood-antibody that signals the system's protective reaction to the virus. As a result, Veronelli believes that the vaccine will not spread infection to others.

Not all of the pediatrician's findings were reassuring. Because antibody levels induced by vaccination are lower than those produced by the natural disease, Veronelli is doubtful about long-term protection from the vaccines. Only periodic blood testing of the young recipients will tell. In the meantime, Veronelli urges continued research efforts to develop a killed-virus rubella vaccine, which would provide safe booster protection even in early pregnancy.

Defunct Diseases

Diseases are no less mortal than the people they afflict. So argues Dr. Bernard Straus of New York Medical College in the current *Bulletin of the New York Academy of Medicine*. As Straus points out, dozens of mankind's most awful afflictions have ceased to exist.

Many ailments have fallen victim to medical progress. Improved sanitary conditions have virtually eliminated typhoid fever; vaccines have made



BODY SCAN OF CANCER VICTIM
Accurate to the centimeter.

poliomyelitis a rarity. Antibiotics have all but routed mastoiditis, an inflammation of bone cells behind the inner ear and, along with vaccines, helped bring whooping cough and diphtheria under control. A number of other diseases have just disappeared. Tuberculous pneumonia, the "galloping consumption" that consumed many literary and operatic heroines, has all but galloped off the medical scene. The mysterious "sweating sickness" that swept through France as late as 1907, has apparently vanished.

Out of Style. Other diseases have failed to survive medical scrutiny. "Athlete's heart" was practically pronounced dead in 1927, to the relief of the anxieties of many a long-distance runner. Ptomaine, long blamed for food poisoning, has been exposed as a fraud; most of its symptoms are now attributed to bacterial or viral infections, while the rest are the result of chemical contamination.

Chlorosis, the virginal love sickness that produced a greenish pallor in young girls suffering the pangs of unrequited love, passed out of medical terminology when it was discovered to be nothing more than iron-deficiency anemia. Febricula, a "little fever" that lingered in some medical texts until 1947, was once thought to be caused by stale beer, foul odors and sewer gases. It has since been identified as a symptom of a variety of other—and more easily identified—viral infections of the respiratory tract.

A few diseases have merely failed to withstand the test of time. The "vapors," a vague complaint that affected women in the 18th century, survives only as a literary allusion. "Swooning," with which Victorian ladies reacted to emotional stress, has simply passed out of style.

Contraceptive Cycles?

When a doctor can find no definite physical reason for a couple's infertility, he looks for subtler clues in the patients' environment. Such investigation might even lead him to ponder new forms of contraception. Now, in a letter to the *British Medical Journal*, Dr. Emanuel Saphier, a general practitioner in the London suburb of Sutton, tells of one successful case of medical sleuthing and prescription. The patient, a childless man who rode a bicycle 2½ hours a day, was told to give up his cycling.

Why blame the bicycle? Dr. Saphier knew that sperm production can be reduced by tight clothing that warms the testicles. "On the theory that long hours in the saddle could create at least as hostile an environment as tight pants," he writes, "I stopped him cycling." Result: "As luck would have it, the wife is now pregnant." Though Saphier avoids unscientific conclusions, he suggests an intriguing possibility: "Cyclists can have children, but perhaps in a marginal case undue cycling could make a difference. Conversely, what a healthy contraceptive practice this could be."

What? 140 slides in one tray.



Can't be done? We've done it. Designed a new Carousel tray for Kodak Carousel projectors that holds 140 standard slides up to 1/16-inch thick. That's nearly twice as many as before, and more than any other projector tray.

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And you'll have more to show for your money.

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Sometimes that means developing a better way to use two inches of empty space.



THE LAW

Murder in Legal Limbo

If the first astronaut on Mars took that one giant step and then brained his partner with a big red rock, what court could try him? Who could prosecute the hijacker of a spaceship bound for Alpha Centauri? Under current laws of jurisdiction, earthbound courts might be forced to ignore such crimes of the future. Still, new ground is being broken. The case most often cited by jurists trying the first extraterrestrial crime may well be a murder that occurred this summer on a remote Arctic ice island now floating 310 miles from the North Pole.

The strange case of *U.S. v. Escamilla* began July 16 on Fletcher's Ice Island, which the U.S. Air Force named T-3. In carrying out meteorological and oceanographic experiments on T-3, a joint Government-industry team of 19 technicians had endured months of loneliness and Arctic temperatures as low as -60°F . While colleagues partied in a nearby shelter, Electronic Technician Mario Escamilla sat in his insulated trailer-style living module and guarded a 15-gallon jug of homemade raisin wine. When a reveler came by to claim a share, Escamilla brandished a loaded .30-.30 rifle and chased the man away.

Just One Catch. A few minutes later, Bennie Lightys entered the module to reason with Escamilla. Lightys, a meteorologist who headed the T-3 operation, was an old friend. But Escamilla continued to shout and wave his rifle; outside, Richard Scattolini was walking toward the shelter. A few feet from the door, Scattolini heard a rifle shot. He rushed in and found Lightys lying on the floor with a bullet in his chest. Within half an hour, Lightys was dead of massive hemorrhages.

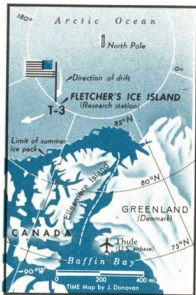
The Navy sent in investigators, then flew Mario Escamilla to Thule AFB in Greenland, and on to Washington. The pudgy, bespectacled Mexican American from Santa Barbara, Calif., freely admitted that he had fired the rifle. There was no place another assailant could have hidden in the 8-ft. by 32-ft. trailer. The prosecution had a very strong case—with one catch. Though an American flag has flown on T-3 for nearly 20 years, the four-mile by seven mile ice mass does not belong to the U.S. When the State Department refused to accept Admiral Peary's annexation of the North Pole in 1909, it endorsed the view that no nation can claim sovereignty over frozen Arctic waters. Legally, Escamilla had killed Lightys in a limbo as remote as outer space.

What Is a Vessel? Without a shadow of precedent to go by, the Justice Department defined the floating island as "a vessel on the high seas," and set out to prosecute Escamilla under maritime provisions of the U.S. Criminal Code. Legal experts were dubious. Richard Baxter, a professor of international law

at Harvard, argued that the ice island's definition is irrelevant. According to Baxter, the U.S. has jurisdiction because the case involved its citizens working for its Government. Canada, which keeps a jealous eye on Arctic waters, entered a formal diplomatic "reservation" informing the U.S. that it would not consider itself bound by the decision in this case. "If Canada decides to claim ju-



ELECTRONIC TECHNICIAN ESCAMILLA



risdiction on an extension of its territorial waters," said a State Department lawyer, "we could have a mess." Then there were the Danes. Since Escamilla, en route back to the States, had first touched any sovereign nation's territory at Thule in Danish Greenland, it was suggested that Denmark might have the right to try him under its status-of-forces agreement with the U.S.

While international lawyers had their field day, Escamilla's case was brought before a federal grand jury at Norfolk under the venue established when he landed at Dulles Airport. Last week, after a U.S. magistrate had overruled the defense's first challenge to the Government's jurisdiction, the grand jury indicted the belligerent wine drinker on a charge of murder in the second degree. There is much more to be heard. If Escamilla is convicted, his case could reach the Supreme Court or even the World Court at The Hague.

Innkeepers, Beware

Stephen Klim, a sometime house painter, had worked out a tidy arrangement with the manager of San Francisco's Junior Tar Hotel. Klim would pay the \$10 weekly rent in cash, if he had it. If not, he would paint a room or two. Claiming that the painter had fallen in arrears, the hotel padlocked his room, which contained all his personal belongings. Klim sued, seeking his goods plus damages and contending that he had been relieved of his property without due process of law.

The Junior Tar quickly restored his personal effects. In the U.S. district court where the suit was tried, Klim then won a greater victory. Judge Gerald Levin ruled that California's 95-year-old Innkeeper's Lien Law was unconstitutional. Tracing the statute back to its antecedents in the common law of medieval England, the judge held that the times no longer allow a hotel the right to deprive a nonpaying guest of his property without due process. The statute, Levin said, "effectively clothes the California innkeeper with the badge of the sheriff and the robes of the judge." Since the decision may be followed in other states that have similar laws, hotel owners across the nation might do well to take Judge Levin's advice: Make guests pay in advance.

Popular Mechanics of Sex

The latest Swedish film to hurdle U.S. obscenity laws is *Language of Love*, a clinical excursion into pseudo sex education. Seized by customs agents in New York last year, *Language* was released by a U.S. court of appeals decision last week. In a witty opinion, Judge Leonard P. Moore explained why Americans who can endure the film are entitled to do so.

In Moore's words, *Language* "stars four of what are apparently leading Scandinavian sexual technocrats, with brilliant cameo roles for the functioning flesh of various unnamed actors." The pedigreed experts drone on about the psychology of orgasm while nude sexual acrobats perform illustrations. "It purports to be an animated Little Golden Book of marital relations," wrote Judge Moore, "or perhaps the *Kama Sutra* of electronic media, although the film is nowhere nearly as rich in the variety of its smorgasbord of delights as comparison with that ancient Hindu



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How to pick the right color television

What to look for in any brand—and why, feature for feature, dollar for dollar, we believe Sears is your best buy.

How good is the color?

How easy is the set to tune?

These are the two main questions to ask about any color television set.

Nearly every new feature you hear about deals with one or the other. But the features are often described in technical language that few people understand.

Sears will explain, in simple language, what these features are all about. Once you know, picking the right set with the right features at the right price is easy.

Color and two Sears advantages.

Today, many brands can give you good natural flesh-tone color.

The difference is that some provide it at the expense of background colors. You'll get people that look like people—but the background colors will be off. Skies will be green. And grass will be blue. Not all the time. Just enough to be annoying.

At Sears, we solved this problem.

We use Automatic Tint Lock. It's new. And a first with Sears. It gives you people that look like people—together with good background colors.

They'll hold true even when you change channels.

For viewers who are particularly fussy about color, Sears has an extraordinary feature called Chromix. It allows you to add delicate shades of color you can't get from most other sets.

Ordinarily, you can add only two shades: magenta (purplish red) and green. Chromix adds two more: blue and brown. Four instead of two. For a complete range of colors. Whether or not you use them is up to you, but they're there if you want them.

In addition, Sears sets also have:

KEYED AUTOMATIC GAIN CONTROL. Keeps picture constant under varying conditions. That is, so it doesn't shimmy when a plane flies over.

AUTOMATIC CHROMA CONTROL. Keeps colors from fluctuating when programs change, or you change channels.

AUTOMATIC COLOR PURIFIER. Gets rid of impurities in the color.

Not all brands have all these features. All Sears sets do.

Finally you should know that color quality varies from brand to brand. And not everyone agrees as to what is most pleasing. You may like the color of a particular set, but someone else may not.

The only way to decide if it's good or bad is to look at it. If the color pleases you, fine. If not, keep shopping.

Thousands of people who come into Sears never go any further. They like Sears color the moment they see it.

Automatic Fine Tuning and why Sears uses it.

Color television sets are becoming easier and easier to tune.

One reason is that an AFC—automatic fine tuning control—is on most of the better sets.



On some color TV's people will look okay—but the background colors will be off.



Sears Automatic Tint Lock gives you natural flesh-tone color—together with good background color.



Sears sets range from less than \$200 to \$900. These are just 8 sets from a huge selection at all Sears stores and in the catalog.

AFC gives you a clear picture automatically as soon as you turn your set on. Or flip channels.

Is it necessary? Many people think so. Without it, you would have to fine tune your picture manually. And most people can't do it half as well as the AFC can.

The Sears automatic fine tuner is better than most because it can pick up signals that others miss.

Sears puts AFC not only on most consoles, but on many portables as well.

Ease of tuning, like color quality, varies from one set to the next. Some brands are more difficult to tune than others.

The only way to know if a particular model is easy to tune is to try tuning it yourself.

Wide screen picture, bright picture tube, bonded etched tube.

No doubt you'll be reading about the new wide screen picture. What is it?

With it you'll see the entire picture — just as the cameraman sees it. Up to now, part of the picture was cut off at the sides. Now you'll see everything.

Sears has the new wide screen picture on its new 25" (diagonal measure) color television.

The *bright picture tube* makes whites whiter, making the color picture brighter and clearer.

At Sears we use the best bright picture tube made. It gives you brightness without sacrificing contrast. In other words, without washing out the dark colors.

A *bonded etched tube* minimizes glare or reflection. You can turn on any light in your room and hardly get a reflection of that light on your TV screen.

The bonded etched tube costs more, so not all manufacturers use it. Sears has it in most of their sets.

How good are portables? At Sears, they're as good as consoles.

You'll get just as good color from a portable as you will from a console. Tuning, too, will be just as easy.

Electronically, consoles and portables are basically the same. It's just that everything's more compact in a portable.

Model for model, the only real difference

between a portable and a console, other than cabinetry, is the size of the speaker.

Sears has a complete line of color portables. Including the "Medalist," the best-selling color portable in the country.

(Based on an



Sears Medalist. America's best-selling color portable.

independent sales survey of portable color television.)

As far as general characteristics go, Sears portables range in screen size from 11 in. (diagonal measure) to 18 in. Weigh anywhere from 38 lbs. to 70 lbs. And start under \$200.

Service and selection. You can't do better than Sears.

Be sure to ask about service before you buy any set.

Not all retailers service the sets they sell. Sears does.

And you can count on Sears service, whether you move across the street or across the country.

We even check out the very set we sell you before it reaches your home.

Everytime someone buys a color TV from one of our stores, it's inspected before it's delivered. To make sure everything is in perfect condition. Not all retailers do the same.

As far as *selection* goes, Sears is your best bet.

We've got everything from portables to table models to full-size consoles with the new 25-inch (diagonal measure) wide screen picture. It's the largest available.

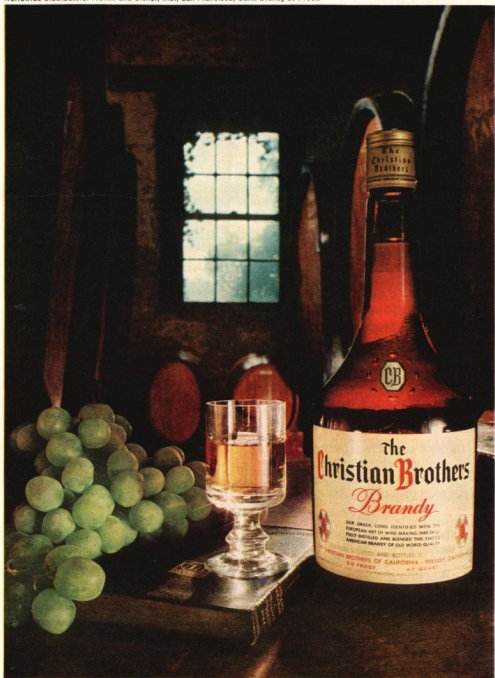
What it all boils down to, is that Sears can give you all those things that everyone else makes such a fuss over. Plus features of our own that practically no one else can give you — at any price.

If you like, you can use one of our convenient Sears, Roebuck and Co. credit plans.

With football games and specials coming up, now is a perfect time to get a color TV. Come into Sears — and we'll help you pick just the right set.

Sears

Worldwide Distributors: Fromm and Sichel, Inc., San Francisco, Calif. Brandy 80 Proof.



The aging cellars of the old stone winery.
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"A more careful choice of grapes
and casks gives every sip of this aged
brandy its smoother, mellower quality."

Brother Timothy F.S.C.
Cellarmaster

classic might suggest. It may be the vulgate scripture, the *Popular Mechanics* of interpersonal relations, marriage."

After viewing the film "in its tedious entirety," Judge Moore and his colleagues agreed that it was protected by the First Amendment because it fell far short of the Supreme Court's standards for obscenity. The prevailing doctrine requires 1) appeal to prurient interest as a dominant theme, 2) patent offensiveness and 3) utter lack of redeeming social value. Though Moore wistfully noted that *Language* is unlikely to be viewed "primarily by marriage counselors and their patients in a professional setting," he found no predominant prurience in a film that treats intercourse with all the passion of an agricultural lecture on animal husbandry.

In determining redeeming social value, one criterion is whether or not the sex scenes advance the "ideas" of the film. *Language* is impeccable by that standard, Moore suggested, since sex is the idea. But what of patent offensiveness according to prevailing community standards? The judge wondered wistfully if such an innocuous film could even hope to hold its own on 42nd Street. "Judging by the current fare in New York," he observed, "this film is going to be hard-pressed to match the level of candor of its competition."

Surprise, Surprise:

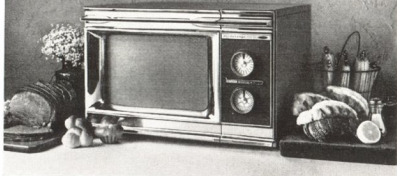
A Dirty Speech Is Illegal

In the now familiar politics of obscenity, it is taken for granted that speakers can jolt audiences with four-letter words. That notion may be premature. At the University of Utah last April, black militant Victor Gordon told the audience—students, local citizens, law-enforcement officials—that most Americans are too inhibited to utter the familiar earthy phrase that is a blunt description of a form of incest. Gordon invited the audience to join him in shouting the term at the count of three. With seemingly infantile glee, numerous people shouted away.

Gordon was duly arrested for violating Utah's obscenity statute, which makes it "unlawful for any person to willfully or knowingly sing or speak an obscene or lewd song, ballad or any other obscene or lewd words in any public place or in the presence of other persons." In response, the defendants filed suit in U.S. district court against the local prosecutor, charging that the Utah law was unconstitutional.

Last week a three-judge district court dismissed out the suit. In a decision written by Chief Judge David T. Lewis of the U.S. Court of Appeals for the Tenth Circuit, the court upheld the constitutionality of the Utah law and refused to intervene in the prosecutor's case against Gordon. Whether or not he is convicted, the decision makes it clear that any speaker faces arrest if he flaunts obscene words in public—at least in Utah.

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ENVIRONMENT

The Mercury Mess

Only a few months ago, mercury pollution was thought to be a problem confined mainly to the Great Lakes region. It has since turned up in 33 states. Because millions of pounds of the lethal metal have been dumped into the nation's waterways in the past 20 years, tainting untold numbers of fish, officials in ten states have closed down some commercial fisheries. Public Health workers in 16 states have warned residents against eating fish or fowl from suspect waterways. At least one family, the Hucklebys of Alamogordo, N. Mex., has been seriously poisoned after eating food contaminated with mercury.

The problem is compounded by widespread ignorance about the hazards of mercury. Until Norwegian Chemist Norvald Fimreite found traces of mercury in fish taken from Lake St. Clair last spring, almost no one suspected that it could be one of the most dangerous water pollutants. Even some scientists assumed that mercury would sink to the bottom of lakes and rivers, pass harmlessly through fish, or kill a few fish without harming other organisms. Until this year, mercury was not listed as one of the substances to be tested for by the Federal Water Quality Administration, the Interior Department agency charged with policing the nation's water.

Agency officials now realize that mercury changes its potency in water; through a complex chemical reaction, the relatively harmless inorganic form is transformed into deadly methyl mercury. Minute amounts are picked up

by microorganisms, which are then eaten by small fish, which in turn are eaten by large predatory fish like pike and pickerel. When humans eat these fish, they can receive dosages of methyl mercury massive enough to cause blindness, brain damage, and even death.

Worst Offenders. Once the hazard was recognized, the Federal Water Quality Administration moved with remarkable speed. Within the past year, the agency has clamped down on polluting industries and has asked the Justice Department to prosecute ten companies accused of polluting the waters of seven states. Investigators found that the worst offenders were paper companies that either used mercury to prevent the formation of slime in the production of paper, or chemical companies using mercury cells to separate chlorine from brine solutions.

In some cases, investigators ordered offending plants to shut down until they could install satisfactory pollution controls. In all cases, polluters were prodded into quick action. Last week Interior Department officials announced that the amount of mercury being dumped into U.S. waterways has been reduced by 86%.

Still, the agency is faced with the problem of effectively policing 134,000 square miles of inland waterways with just 100 men. Their job may be impossible. For one thing, mercury is still entering U.S. waters on a dangerous scale. For another, the mercury that is already in the water will probably remain there for 50 to 100 years, and will continue to be methylized and consumed by fish. Even if mercury could somehow be scooped up, some ecologists fear that the scooping would disturb aquatic habitats more than the mercury itself. The use of chemical detergents to "clean" lakes or rivers is frowned upon for much the same reason.

Task Force. Despite the problems, scientists are not about to give up. Ecologist Barry Commoner, working with a group called Scientists' Institute for Public Information, has helped launch a "task force on mercury pollution." That force is made up of 25 experts who will list the best methods for dealing with mercury pollution and then distribute the list to scientists around the country, as well as to Government agencies.

Unfortunately, mercury is only one of a galaxy of new-found environmental hazards. A Senate subcommittee was recently warned by Dr. Henry Schroeder of the Dartmouth Medical School that such substances as lead, cadmium and nickel carbonyl are "much more insidious" in their effect than pesticides or other pollutants of air and water. It is possible, the Senators were told, that minute amounts of cadmium in humans can cause high blood pressure, while trace amounts of nickel carbonyl can cause lung cancer.



JACQUES YVES COUSTEAU
155,000 miles of experience.

The Dying Oceans

Jacques Yves Cousteau, the renowned underwater explorer, has covered 155,000 miles of sea on film-making and oceanographic expeditions during the past 31 years. Last week in Monte Carlo, he summed up what he had seen in glum, blunt terms: "The oceans are in danger of dying. The pollution is general."

It was not only the ubiquity of petalitic oil particles that appalled Cousteau and his crew aboard the *Calypso*. "People do not realize that all pollution ends up in the seas. The earth is less polluted. It is washed by the rain which carries everything into the oceans, where life has diminished by 40% in 20 years. Fish disappear. Flora too." He especially decried the ecological effects of "brutal" modern fishing techniques. "The ocean floors are being scraped. Eggs and larvae are disappearing. In the past, the sea renewed itself. It was a continuous cycle. But this cycle is being upset. Shrimps are being chased from their holes into nets by electric shocks. Lobsters are being sought in places where they formerly found shelter. Even coral is disappearing."

Cousteau believes that damage to marine life can be stopped. "Very strict action must be taken. The U.S. and Soviet Union are making considerable efforts in this direction. The European nations are starting to act. Some scientists are sure that it is too late. I don't think so."

Meantime in Washington, informed observers predicted that President Nixon's proposed bill to control pollution of U.S. coastal waters had no chance of getting Congressional approval this year.



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†Average of all tests run simultaneously by independent test fleet during last 12 months.

TELEVISION

The New Season: Perspiring with Relevance

What did the Manhattan moguls of prime-time television do with the new season? To hear them talk, they discovered America. Blurb writers who could not spell "relevant" collected severance. Faster than a speeding memo, the West Coast got the word that the medium must have a message: entertainment TV could be cool no more but must be aflame, or at least perspiring, with social consciousness.

The premieres of NBC's and CBS's new shows last week (ABC held its fire until this week) suggest that life in televisionland is no more real this season than it ever was. It is just more earnest. *The Beverly Hillbillies* lit out for the White House to donate \$95 million for pollution control. Lassie taped a show battling the same cause last week. Not to be out-involved, other series are tackling the grievances of migrant workers, the excesses of twitchy-fingered National Guardsmen, the spread of gonorrhea, the need for penal reform, the problems of abortion, and the Senate seniority system.

In self-conscious emulation of the youth they have helped to alienate, TV producers and writers keep proclaiming that their programming has suddenly become "heavy." Yet from the series already unveiled and the scenarios of those due this week, one can only conclude that the heaviness is not in the writers' hearts but in their hands.

Dramatic Series

Most pretentious of the new shows is *The Senator*, which will appear every third week on NBC's catchall *The Bold Ones* series. But except for an authoritative performance by Hal Holbrook and a patina of knowingness (terms like "Evans and Novak" popped up without explanation), the premiere was just another action show about an assassination plot.

Four-In-One (NBC) is really four different six-week series. The first, subtitled "McCloud," features old *Gunslinger* Deputy Dennis Weaver. The gimmick is that McCloud is a New Mexico marshal assigned temporarily to take lessons from the New York City police. Naturally he turns the tables, proving himself Manhattan's fastest gun, lowest tipper, and the lucky stud who stashes his boots under the sofa of the police commissioner's worldly cousin. It is all hokum, of course, but more entertaining than most of the competition.

The Storefront Lawyers (CBS) and *The Interns* (CBS) both exploit *Mod Squad*'s multihero angle, but neither one is genuinely mod or engrossing. The three attorneys, one a woman, earn their bread by serving a stuffy Los Angeles firm, and their kicks by melodramatically providing legal aid from a

ghetto storefront. The five interns, including one female and one black, churn in a centrifuge of subplots as soapier than any afternoon hospital show.

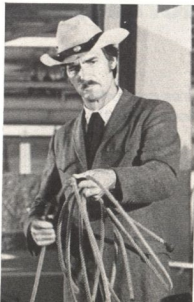
Situation Comedies

Andy Griffith and Mary Tyler Moore have been coaxed back to CBS and situation comedy this season, but only for Andy does it seem like a halfway happy return. In *Headmaster*, the old sheriff of Mayberry smartens up and takes over a coed prep school in California. The series' intention, says Griffith, is "to tell it like it is for the young people while remaining palatable to older audiences." The premiere involved a student who refused to pop "uppers" and "downers" like the rest of the kids. The comic relief, provided mostly by the school's bicep-brained athletic director (Jerry Van Dyke), was a downer. As usual, Griffith came off as platitudinous but rather engaging.

The *Mary Tyler Moore Show*, on opening night at least, was a disaster for the old co-star of the *Dick Van Dyke Show*. She plays an inadvertent career girl, jilted by the rounder she put through medical school, and working as a "gofer" at a Minneapolis TV station. Her bosses, a drunken clown of a news director and a narcissistic nincompoop of an anchorman, do an injustice to even the worst of local TV news.

Herschel Bernardi is another talent embombed in a seemingly moribund CBS property. *Arnie*, as his series is titled, has a possibly workable premise: a lifelong blue-collar worker is suddenly hoisted from the loading dock to an executive desk. But what laughs there were in the first episode belonged to the firm's fatuous, polo-playing president (Roger Bowen), whose main professional interest seems to be avoiding handclaps lest he endanger his mallet hand. Arnie

DENNIS WEAVER



is around obviously to provide hardhat wisdom and wit, but the premiere script suggests that Eric Hoffer he isn't.

Without question, the most contemptible show of the season so far is *Nancy* (NBC), a sappy comedy about the President's daughter (Renne Jarrett) and her fiancé, a clock-kicking Iowa veterinarian (John Fink). Producer Sidney Sheldon denies lifting the idea from CBS's *Governor and J.J.* He got the idea, he says, during the Johnson Administration (which, in possibly its wisest decision, was unofficially unreciprocated). The Nixon girls saw the pilot and found it "cute." *Nancy*'s most embarrassing character, actually, is a wise-cracking White House woman aide (Celeste Holm) with some of the most pitiable material on the air. Liz Carpenter should sue for equal time.

Variety

The *Don Knotts Show* (NBC) and the *Tim Conway Comedy Hour* (CBS) attempt to elevate two old situation comics to variety headliners. Conway, late of



FLIP WILSON

McHale's Navy and the short-lived sitcom bearing his own name, made it obvious that he is, at best, a second banana. Knotts, the Milquetoast deputy sheriff on the old *Andy Griffith Show*, tried to make a virtue of his inability to sing, dance or string a show together. Opening night, Guest Anthony Newley pushed Knotts around and took command—a running gag that provoked a feeling of sympathy. But can other guests and the same gag make a season?

The most promising variety hour—and in fact the liveliest premiere of any description all week—was the *Flip Wilson Show* (NBC). Flip is black and cool, and the first night played as easily off David Frost as James Brown. He does not do quotable one-liners but routines, of which the standards include a sassy drag bit and his "Church of What's Happening Now" sermon.

Judging by the returning shows and the eleven new ones, viewers can safely



MARY TYLER MOORE

dismiss the pseudo-hip, summer-long promotion pushes—NBC's "Don't let it happen without you" and CBS's "We've put it all together." The two networks might, if they truly wanted to be relevant, begin by taking it all apart.

■ Richard Burghese

The People v. WPIX

During the Soviet invasion of Czechoslovakia in 1968, Manhattan's WPIX-TV carried what seemed like an enterprising special report for a non-network local channel. WPIX News, as it proclaimed on the air at the time, presented its "Russian authority," Dr. Max J. Putzel, in "an eyewitness account from Moscow." Fact of the matter, according to a charge brought by the Federal Communications Commission last week, was that Max Putzel was a professor of German literature who happened to be a cousin of the then WPIX news producer and who, at the time of the broadcast, was not in Moscow but back home in Gary, Ind.

The incident is the basis for one of many allegations that will be brought against WPIX in the continuing hearing in Manhattan's Federal Building. Several days before the Putzel caper, the FCC says, WPIX ran a scene identified as Prague with the subtitle "Via Satellite" when in fact it was not a satellite transmission but a dusty old film. Another night, a voice report out of Vienna was labeled as Prague. Similarly, the channel stands accused of passing off canned footage of a disturbance in a Boston high school as a later, ghetto riot.

Before the hearing finally adjourns, the station will be under attack as well for the quantity of its news coverage—2% of its air time in 1968, less than any other channel in New York State. Besides the FCC, other complainants allege that 1) WPIX has discriminated against blacks and other New York minorities in hiring, 2) it has made no effort to program for such groups, and 3) from 1963 to 1967 it demanded kick backs or

"payola" from some singers it put on the air.

See-No-Evil. Outsiders might assume that the very laying of such charges by the FCC could lead to the suspension of the broadcasting license of WPIX, a subsidiary of the New York *Daily News*. In fact, even if the charges are proved, the FCC may not take any action at all. The commission has the authority to revoke radio-TV licenses in such cases, and, every three years, it can choose not to renew the license of a station that has failed to "serve the public interest." But, as broadcast reformers have long pointed out disgustedly, the commission has not rejected a license for reasons of inadequate public service in its entire 36-year history. Over the years, stations broadcasting no news at all have won routine renewal.

Lately, paladins of the public interest, including Maverick FCC Commissioner Nicholas Johnson, have risen up against what Johnson calls the commission's "complacent and comfortable hear-no-evil, see-no-evil slouch in front of the radio and television sets of America." Critics of U.S. broadcasting point out that the insufficiency of that service is probably less attributable to the networks than to the local channels. Affiliated stations frequently undercut the networks' efforts to increase cultural and public-affairs programming by refusing to carry it. Similarly, in order to increase profits, the stations stint on such programming at home. A recent informal poll of local newspaper editors by the trade paper *Variety* found that in their opinion more than 100 U.S. channels did not properly serve the interests of the community.

Aprenda Inglés. Leading the fight against WPIX is Forum Communications Inc., a consortium of New Yorkers that includes Harry Belafonte and is headed by former NBC Vice President Lawrence K. Grossman. Defending themselves against Forum, WPIX executives have maintained that they were unaware of the news doctoring. As for the shortage of news coverage, they claim that "the public is surfeited with broadcast news." But since the Forum challenge, WPIX has doubled its news staff and air time and rushed to schedule community shows like *Black Pride*, *Puerto Rican New Yorker*, *Jewish Dimension* and *Aprenda Inglés* (Learn English). Many stations around the country, frightened by the WPIX and other challenges, have also upgraded their local service.

That represents progress for the national public interest even if Forum and Grossman should lose their case against WPIX. But, while they anticipate a long fight that may take them years and all the way to the Supreme Court, they are counting on victory for themselves and the public. "If the commission renders a decision on the merits and on the facts," says Grossman, "then for the first time in over 20 years, we have the promise of seeing important improvements in the quality of local television."

MILESTONES

Married. Jonathan Scranton Linen, 26, administrative assistant with the American Express Co. and son of James A. Linen, Chairman of the Executive Committee of Time Inc.; and Leila Haven Jones, 27, an editorial researcher at *Reader's Digest* and daughter of Gilbert E. Jones, board chairman of the IBM World Trade Corp.; in an Episcopal ceremony in Greenwich, Conn.

Died. Jimi Hendrix, 27, Seattle-born rock superstar whose grating, bluesy voice, screechy, pulsating guitar solos and pelvis-pumping stage antics conveyed both a turned-on, fetid sense of eroticism and, at best, a reverberated musical equivalent of the urban black's anguished spirit; apparently of an overdose of drugs; in London.

Died. Noel Haviland Field, 66, sometime U.S. State Department official (1926-36) and a mysterious figure in cold war politics; in Budapest. Urbane and multilingual, the London-born, Harvard-educated descendant of an American Quaker family left State in 1936 to work for the League of Nations, and later became wartime European head of the Unitarian Service Committee's relief activities. Fired from that post because of allegations that he was sympathetic to Communists, Field went to Prague, and three weeks before the beginning of the Alger Hiss trial was abducted to Hungary by Communist agents. He was stigmatized by assorted Iron Curtain regimes as a wartime spy for the U.S. Office of Strategic Services, but for reasons not made clear, he was never brought to trial. Until his death he worked as a copyreader for the government's foreign-language publishing house in Budapest.

Died. Dr. Rudolf Carnap, 79, one of the 20th century's most influential philosophers; of peritonitis; in Santa Monica, Calif. A member of the so-called "Vienna Circle" of philosophers and mathematicians that flourished during the late '20s and early '30s, Carnap was a founder of the school of thought known as logical positivism. The traditional areas of philosophy, such as metaphysics, ethics and aesthetics, he dismissed as "meaningless" because their statements could not be empirically verified, and were based on "emotional needs, not on intellectual concepts."

Died. Morris ("Two-Gun") Cohen, 81, beefy, swaggering, London-born raconteur and sometime Canadian ranch hand who served for several years as bodyguard to Chinese Republican Leader Sun Yat-sen, became a general of the Kuomintang, and after the fall of the mainland in 1949 tried vainly to negotiate a reconciliation between Chairman Mao and Chiang Kai-shek; in Salford, England.



THE ANTI-SOCIAL DRINKER:

He'll drive until he
kills, if we let him.

The compulsive problem-drinker who drives is a threat to your life. And to the lives of those you love. He causes most of the alcohol-related crashes which kill 30,000 Americans every year.

What can we do about him? A lot, with your help. The National Highway Safety Bureau of the U.S. Department of Transportation has a new countermeasures

program. The objectives of this action program are to ensure that he is (1) identified and apprehended, (2) handled properly by the courts, (3) brought into treatment, and (4) kept off the road until that treatment is effective.

What can you do? Help make sure your state and your local community support this federal

countermeasures program. Write a letter to your governor and to your mayor. Tell them you want your state and your city to cooperate fully in the National Highway Safety Bureau's new Alcohol Safety Countermeasures Program. Your letter could make the difference.



STATE FARM MUTUAL AUTOMOBILE INSURANCE COMPANY
Home Office: Bloomington, Illinois

BUSINESS

Auto Workers Hear the Drums Again

STANDING in the rain to collect their strike pay—\$30 a week for a single man, \$40 for a family—the strikers in their baggy cotton pants and frayed shirts evoked an image of the 1930s. The line stretched around the grimy headquarters of United Auto Workers Local 235 in Hamtramck, Mich. Occasionally, one of the men raised a clenched fist in salute, or another flashed a smile for photographers or a V-for-victory gesture, but mostly they were strangely silent. Across the street, pickets patrolled Chevrolet's gear and axle plant, carrying signs that proclaimed: UAW ON STRIKE FOR JUSTICE, OR INCREASED PENSIONS OR, simply, **EQUITY**. Said one of the pickets, Robert Jackson: "They told us the strike would last till next year. We're going to see Christmas on these picket lines, but we're fighting for a purpose."

In that atmosphere, a strike that could turn out to be the most significant one since the 116-day walkout of the steelworkers in 1959 began last week in Detroit. The nation's largest industrial union, the 1,600,000-member United Auto Workers, invoked labor's ultimate weapon against General Motors, the world's largest manufacturer. In a classic test of raw power, the strike pulled 344,000 workers off their jobs in 145 U.S. and Canadian plants. Every day that it lasts, G.M. says, the company will lose \$90 million in sales, the men will be deprived of \$12 million in wages, and federal, state and local governments will be denied \$20 million in taxes.

Crusades in Conflict. For both sides, the costly contest was almost a *jihad* , or holy war. To Leonard Woodcock, the quiet, scholarly leader who took over as president of the U.A.W. last May after Walter Reuther died in an airplane crash, the strike was a call to arms for a younger generation of workers who know nothing of the union battles of the '30s. In meeting after meeting, he has told the men to dig in for a long, bitter siege, warning that they will have to go without strike pay after the union's \$120 million war chest runs out in about seven weeks' time. "We have to be prepared to fight, as we used to do, in an old-fashioned way," he told workers. "A union with money is a bureaucracy. A union without money is a crusade."

G.M.'s management is holding out in what it sees as a higher cause: halting runaway wage increases. Chairman James Roche declared: "We must restore the balance that has been lost between wages and productivity, for upon this balance rests our national ability to cope with inflation, to resolve the crisis of cost. This in turn determines our

capacity to achieve the lofty national goals we have set for ourselves."

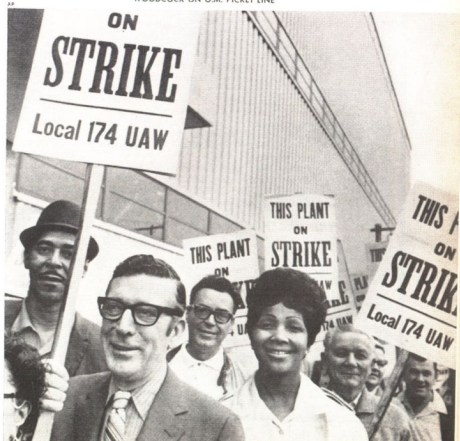
In management's view, the strike will decide whether the U.S. auto industry is destined to join the long list of others—textiles, radios, shoes, barber chairs—that can no longer freely and vigorously compete against lower wage foreign manufacturers. In July, imported cars captured an alltime high 15.6% of the nation's auto market. Last week Chevrolet Chief John Z. DeLorean observed that U.S. wage rates are 2.1 times as high as Germany's, 2.8 times Britain's and four times Japan's. Though wages abroad are leaping ahead faster in percentage terms than those in the U.S., American wages are so much higher to begin with that the dollars-and-cents gap has actually widened.

How Long? The current collision between auto labor and management in Detroit hurts much of the rest of the U.S. and Canada. G.M. uses 10% of the U.S.'s steel, 5% of its aluminum and large portions of its glass, rubber and textiles. Last week in Lexington, Ky., Irvin Industries laid off 375 workers who make seat belts. In Stratford, Ont., the auto strike put 100 workers out of

their jobs at Standard Products, which manufactures rubber parts. The beleaguered Penn Central railroad began laying off workers who normally handle shipments of G.M. cars and trucks. In a month, a million more men could be out of work across the U.S.

Moreover, the strike is likely to trim down any third-quarter economic upturn (see box, page 72). One consequence is that the industrial-production index, which declined in August for the first time in five months, will fall further. If the strike lasts more than six weeks, it will depress many businesses indirectly connected with the auto industry. In that case, lower corporate profits and more unemployment will sink the federal budget deeper in the red, increasing the prospects for a tax increase. The Nixon Administration expects that the strike will be over in six to eight weeks, but the consensus in Detroit is that it quite possibly could stretch out to twelve or 15 weeks, or even more. (G.M. dealers' supply of cars will last for six to seven weeks, including 1970 models.) Even after the auto strike is settled, the economy will be further distorted as General Motors and its sup-

WOODCOCK ON G.M. PICKET LINE



pliers work overtime to make up for lost production.

The walkout is one more sign that union members everywhere are marching to a martial drum. This year the pace of American life has been snarled by an unusual number of strikes, and the appetites of union members have been whetted by some outrageously high settlements. Construction workers in this year's first quarter squeezed out wage increases averaging 18%. Last June, the Teamsters won hourly raises of \$1.85 over 39 months.

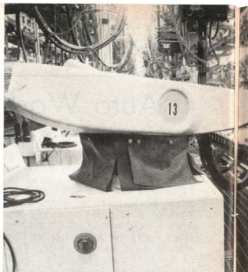
Now the railroad workers demand a 40% wage increase. Last week 45,000 workers halted trains for about twelve hours on Southern Pacific, Chesapeake & Ohio and Baltimore & Ohio railroads. The men returned to work under a court injunction, and late in the week President Nixon signed an executive order delaying any national rail strike for 60 days.

Younger and Impatient. The auto workers' union has become noticeably more militant this year, largely because its membership is becoming younger—and impatient. Over the past decade, the median age of men in the auto plants has declined from 41 to 37; more than one-third of the strikers are under 25. The youngsters insist on big gains—now. A common refrain among union leaders is voiced by Leonard Paula, who represents 4,700 white-collar workers in

U.A.W. Local 112 at Chrysler: "I try to tell the young guys that they have to wait for some things, but they come up with their beards and mop heads and say, 'Hey, mother, you're ancient.' They do not even listen."

The 26¢ Battle. Because of inflation, many workers cannot make ends meet. The average hourly pay of G.M. workers is \$4.05, but by Leonard Woodcock's reckoning, they have a great deal of catching up to do. As a result of reductions in overtime work, the auto worker earns 1.7% less than he did a year ago; in addition, inflation has taken a 7.4% cut out of the purchasing power of what he earns. Just to get back to where he was in the spring of 1969, by the U.A.W.'s calculation, the auto worker would have to have a raise of at least 8% an hour. The union asks for a 61.5¢ increase in the first year of a new contract and further raises in the second and third years; the amounts will depend on whatever cost-of-living settlement is agreed on. G.M. is offering 38¢ in the first year, and second- and third-year increases of 12¢ each. The company says that that would give the typical assembly-line worker an annual income, including the value of fringe benefits, of more than \$12,000 by the fall of 1973.

The two sides are farther apart than the figures indicate, because of a highly



ROBOT WELDERS IN
The settlement is

ambiguous clause in an agreement that Reuther negotiated to end the 66-day strike against Ford in 1967. The resulting conflict is an object lesson of the perils of postponing trouble. In the 1967 contract, the union accepted a ceiling on cost-of-living increases in return for an agreement that compensation for inflation above that ceiling "shall be available" in 1970. The difference now amounts to 26¢ an hour, which the union considers to be money already

The Grueling Life on the Line

FOR eight hours every day, says Henry Belcher, a 40-year-old welder, "I am as much a machine as a punch press or a drill motor is." With that comment, he sums up a crucial reason for the auto-worker militancy that led to the strike against General Motors. Most of the men on the assembly line hate their jobs—with a bitterness that can hardly be understood by anybody who performs interesting tasks in comfortable surroundings. At best, reports TIME's Correspondent David DeVoss, the auto worker's routine is a daily voyage from tedium to apathy, dominated by the feeling that he sheds his identity when he punches the time clock. At worst, in the industry's older plants, his life is one of physical discomfort as well.

Less Than a Minute. One such factory is the 60-year-old Dodge plant in Hamtramck, Mich., where Belcher works. Promptly at 6 a.m., the assembly line begins sending cars past his work station, and from then on Belcher is a part of the line, like the well-oiled gears and bearings. The noise is deafening: Belcher could not talk to the men at the next stations three feet away even if there were time. There never is. Partially assembled cars move past him at the rate of 62 an hour; in less than one minute he is expected to look over each auto, pound out a dent in a fender or reweld an improperly joined seam. Cars that cannot be fixed that quickly are taken off the line. In the winter, drafts from ill-caulked windows chill Belcher's chest, while hot air blasts from rust-proofing ovens 30 feet away singe his back. After two hours of standing on the concrete floor his legs ache, but the whistle does not blow for lunch until 10 a.m.

Then the line stops, and Belcher gets 30 unpaid minutes to eat. That is not long enough for him to walk down from his sixth-floor work station to the second-floor cafeteria, buy a hot meal and get back before the line starts again. So he munches a sandwich from a bag—often while stand-

ing at the back of one of the long lines of men waiting to use the urinals. The chance to visit the bathroom cannot be passed up, since Belcher can rarely leave the assembly line. Besides the lunch period, he gets breaks of eleven minutes in the morning and twelve minutes in the afternoon. After the lunch break, the whistle blows again at 10:30 a.m., and the men put in four more hours of work until the shift changes at 2:30. Says Belcher, who makes \$3.82 an hour: "Everything is regulated. No time to stop and think about what you are doing; your life is geared to the assembly line. I have lost my freedom."

Complaints like these have been heard almost from the days when the first assembly line started rolling. In fact, the conditions that so depress Belcher are not as bad as they once were. Under union pressure, companies have made some improvements. Shifts are a bit shorter now

J. EDWARD BAILEY



WELDER BELCHER ON THE JOB



VEGA ASSEMBLY PLANT
likely to be inflationary.

owed its members above and beyond any new settlement; the company includes the 26¢ as part of its 38¢ offer. In the next contract, the union is insisting that there be no ceiling on cost-of-living increases.

For many of the pickets, a more crucial issue is the union's demand for "30 and out"—voluntary retirement at any age after 30 years of service on a minimum pension of \$500 a month. G.M. has 41,000 employees with 25

years or more of service, and, says the company's chief negotiator, Vice President Earl Bramblett, "the possibility of losing such a large number of highly skilled and experienced personnel would be a crippling blow." The company offers instead what might be called "58 and out"—retirement on a \$500-a-month pension at 58, with \$40 a month deducted for every year a worker is below that age when he leaves.

How can the impasse be settled? One way might be for G.M. to offer a more liberal cost-of-living allowance in return for a lower wage settlement, figuring that inflation will slow during the next two years. Woodcock has hinted at the possibility of such a deal. In a remarkable statement, he expressed his preference for cost-of-living escalators in place of huge wage increases in the later years of a contract. "I believe that if you bargain wages to anticipate an inflation, then you are guaranteeing that inflation," he said. "I am concerned about constantly escalating future wage increases further distorting the economy and possibly leading to a major recession, if not worse."

Prices and Politics. The eventual settlement of the U.A.W. strike will be a benchmark. A settlement in line with G.M.'s offer would provide other companies with an example of successful resistance, discouraging future strikes. On

the other hand, a large wage gain would give other unions a new goal to shoot at, and would doubtless be followed by another increase in the price of cars and trucks. Last week Ford, which is still producing cars, as are Chrysler and American Motors, raised prices on its 1971 autos by 4.8%, the biggest increase in 14 years. Ford executives hinted that there might be even higher raises after a new labor contract is signed. Yet the auto industry cannot pass all of its increasing labor costs on to consumers. Detroit is dreadfully frightened that Americans will continue to shift to lower-priced imported autos. U.S. car sales are down this year partly because the U.S. public, hurt by both inflation and unemployment, is hesitant to invest in big-ticket purchases. To fight the price rise, Detroit is automating to the extent of using robot welders on G.M.'s Vega 2300 assembly line. Still, prices continue to climb.

The Administration is resigned to the likelihood that almost any settlement that will bring the men back to work is bound to be inflationary. Government economists have privately voiced hopes that the wage deal would be in the range of 8% to 10%. G.M.'s final offer before the workers went out amounted to 9.8%. At least for now, the Administration has no plans to use its power to try to force a settlement. But if the strike drags on un-



OWAROWSKI

JANKOWSKI

TIPTON

than the 3:30 p.m. to 1 a.m. stint that Walter Reuther worked at Ford in 1927. Over the years, the union has won regular relief breaks, the system of roving relief men, and doors on toilets. Some workers who do especially dirty jobs such as painting, now get company-paid special clothing. Many plants now have enclaves away from the line where men on their breaks can sit down, smoke or get a cup of coffee from a vending machine.

For the workers, that is not enough. The amenities are greatest in the industry's newer plants, but a large proportion of union members labor in aged factories. The very nature of the work remains the worst problem. Auto managers concede that most assembly jobs are hard and boring, but they figure that little can be done about it. Managers commonly complain about shoddy workmanship. Union members vehemently retort that the line moves too fast for them to do as good a job as they would like to.

Welcome Old Age. For many workers, the only escape is retirement on a pension. Old age is not unwelcome in the auto plants; it is common to hear young men talk longingly of retirement. That is why the union's demand that workers be allowed to retire after 30 years, regardless of age, on minimum pensions of \$500 a month, has become a key issue in

the G.M. strike. Says Pete Tipton, 34, a welder for Cadillac: "All I have to look forward to is '30 and out!' I only have a ninth-grade education, so I can't do anything else, but my children are going to stay in school so that they will not have to be subjected to this kind of life."

Some men, of course, work up to jobs that are free of much of the tough labor. Al Powarowski, 32, has advanced from loading boxcars for Ford to driving completed autos off the assembly line, at \$3.72 an hour. Like many Ford workers, he believes that the company is more understanding than G.M. or Chrysler. But Powarowski feels insecure because of the unsteadiness of the work. He has spent 14 months of his seven years at Ford waiting out eight separate layoffs; the first, lasting one week, started on the 89th day of his 90-day probationary period as a new employee. "In the years when you are making money, you don't have time to spend it, and when sales go down and layoffs come, no one has any money at all," says Powarowski. His own annual income has dropped from \$12,000 to \$7,000 because his hours have been sharply reduced during this year's autos slump. Besides, he finds the job maddeningly dull, if not physically taxing. "The only fun I have," he says, "is getting a few cold beers after work."

Richard Jankowski, 29, is happier—but only because he will soon realize the auto worker's dream of leaving the line for good. During the last three of his eleven years at G.M.'s Fisher Body plant in Ypsilanti, he went to night school, and this fall he will become a high school teacher. "I almost cry when I see kids coming into the shop today," he says. "Working in a factory is nothing to be ashamed of, but you look at men who are 35 and look 50 and you say, is that going to be me?"

As the nation's labor force becomes better educated, the automakers may run into trouble finding enough new men willing to enter the plants. Even before the strike, the once long queues outside plant hiring offices had disappeared, and for the first time in years in some factories, supervisors had begun hiring women for the line.

How the Strike Will Hurt

What damage will the auto strike do to U.S. business? If the workers return to their jobs within a month or so, the impact will be minimal—except for the losses and layoffs suffered by G.M.'s suppliers. But if, as most authorities expect, the walkout lasts for six weeks or more, the effects could be unsettling. Last week Data Resources Inc., an economic consulting firm headed by Harvard's Otto Eckstein, a former member of the President's Council of Economic Advisers and a member of TIME's Board of Economists, made some projections for TIME. By analyzing 320 economic equations in a computer, Data Resources projected what the economy would have looked like in this year's fourth quarter had there been no strike, and compared these results with what is likely to happen if the work stoppage lasts six weeks or twelve weeks. The figures listed below are in billions of dollars at an annual rate, except where otherwise stated.

	Without Strike	Six Weeks	Twelve Weeks
G.N.P.	\$1,003.3	996.5	987.2
Corporate profits after taxes	\$45.9	43.4	41.1
Unemployment rate	5.1%	5.4%	5.6%
Total federal deficit	\$10.7	13.6	16.9
Consumer purchases of autos and parts	\$40.6	35.8	29.5
Auto industry profits after taxes	\$2.8	1.9	.434

In addition, Eckstein's group also examined the effects of the hypothetical six- or twelve-week strikes on industries that are major suppliers to the auto companies. The figures listed below indicate the declines that those industries would be expected to sustain in fourth-quarter profits and production.

	SIX WEEKS		TWELVE WEEKS	
	Profits	Production	Profits	Production
Textiles	8%	2%	18%	5%
Rubber	9%	2%	22%	6%
Steel	11%	3%	26%	8%
Nonferrous metals	4%	2%	9%	5%
Fabricated metals	3%	2%	7%	5%
Nonelectrical machinery	4%	3%	6%	5%
Electrical machinery	4%	3%	9%	7%

til snow falls, the pickets will be faced with the prospect of doing without strike pay, and part of their anger is bound to be directed at the Government. The public will blame the Administration if widespread layoffs brought about by a long stoppage send unemployment over 6%. Unless there is an unexpected break in the strike before the November elections, Republican votes will be hard to come by in areas where the U.A.W.'s picket lines have disrupted the local economy.

In a free economy, conflicts between powerful competing forces are inevitable. U.S. labor has won many of its greatest advances only after striking. Yet the auto walkout comes at a particularly bad time, when the nation is troubled and its economy is sluggish. If the pessimists are proved correct and the strike drags on, it may well become a cause célèbre for organized labor, drawing to the workers' side protest movements of all sorts. The real tragedy of the bitter battle is that it hits the U.S. when the country can ill afford any further social tension.

MARKETING

And Now, Sweet Beer

What the beer bust was to many generations of students, the pot party is to countless thousands of today's collegians—and the trend saddens brewers as much as it does old grads. Nationwide, beer sales are rising about 11% this year, but around campuses sales are barely holding their own, despite the increasing college population. The tastes of malt and marijuana, it seems, just do not mingle well. Instead, youths seeking to prolong their highs have been turning to a new kind of campus ferment. They are buying cheap, sweet wines, especially two Gallo brands: Ripple and Boone's Farm Apple. Nude swimmers at July's Goose Lake Rock Festival in Jackson, Mich., appreciatively christened one of the beaches they used "Ripple Beach."

Brewers are making a few ripples too. Within the past few weeks, they have begun test-marketing three sweet-tasting concoctions of their own: Pitts-

burgh Brewing's lemon-lime-flavored Hop 'n Gator; Lone Star Brewing's low-calorie Lime Lager; and National Brewing's Malt Duck, a combination of beer, alcohol and an unfermented concentrate of red grape with twice the alcoholic content of ordinary beer. The brewers say only that, whatever the reason, a lot of young people seem to like sweeter drinks—and the manufacturers are trying to win those youngsters. "We are dealing with a Pepsi generation grown up," says Bud Allen, National Brewing's general sales manager.

Initial sales of the new drinks suggest that the brewers have sized up that generation's preferences accurately. Lone Star Advertising Director Harry McElowney admits that "hardhats do not seem to like Lime Lager," but adds that the drink "sells well at rock festivals." The new brands have not escaped controversy, though it has been of a different kind from what the breweries might have expected. Early this month Stokely-Van Camp Inc. asked a federal court to enjoin Pittsburgh Brewing from selling Hop 'n Gator, claiming that the drink's name—and the taste and formula of the part that is not beer—violate Stokely's trademark right on Gatorade.

CORPORATIONS

Supersonic Boom

Rock music has brought fortunes to hundreds of youthful performers, offbeat promoters and once unknown musical entrepreneurs. As a cultural phenomenon that knows no season, rock has also made the nation's record industry immune to this year's economic slump. Recording companies expect to reach an alltime sales peak of \$1.8 billion in 1970, a 14% increase. The company that has profited most from the trend is Columbia Records, a division of Columbia Broadcasting. In the past three years, Columbia has doubled its share of the record market, to 22%, an amount almost as large as the combined total of its two closest rivals, Capitol and Atlantic-Warner.

Behind Columbia's supersonic boom is its president, Clive Davis, 38, a Brooklyn-born Harvard law grad who rose through the corporate law department and has no musical background. While his personal taste runs to the old heartthrobs like Johnny Mathis, Davis has a knack for spotting trends and picking out what will sell in almost any field of music. Since taking over in 1965, he has radically changed Columbia's image. He switched the emphasis from Broadway show albums and the "easy-listening" music of Andre Kostelanetz and Mitch Miller to contemporary rock. Columbia already had Bob Dylan, Simon and Garfunkel and the Byrds under contract. Davis greatly expanded that list by adding such innovators as Janis Joplin, Laura Nyro, Santana, and Blood, Sweat and Tears. Rock moved from 15% of Columbia's

volume in early 1967 to more than 50% now. Last year Columbia's domestic division had sales of about \$200 million, and pretax profits almost doubled, to \$25 million.

Monterey Pop. Davis stumbled on this new source of Columbia's prosperity almost by accident. In May 1967, he attended the Monterey Pop Festival in California because one of Columbia's groups was playing there. "It was the first meeting place for the flower children," he recalls, "and I was very impressed with the whole youth revolution that I saw there. The kids went crazy. It was the start of the group era and of a whole new kind of innovative music. It changed the nature of my career."

It also changed some of his ideas about managing talent. "This business is such a personal one now that the com-

bums that he believed would be big sellers across the country.

Now Davis is looking forward to Columbia's further development of quadrisonic sound, a kind of double-stereo system that was introduced on tapes last year by Vanguard. Columbia plans to have its own quadrisonic records and tapes on the market within a year. Davis has also kept his company humming in all other fields of recorded music. He maintains Columbia's strong position in Broadway show albums, and this autumn will back a pair of shows: Richard Rodgers' *Two by Two*, starring Danny Kaye, and *The Rothschilds*, by Bock and Harnick, the men of *Fiddler on the Roof* fame. In country music, Davis has Johnny Cash, who in 1969 sold 6,500,000 albums, probably an all-time high for an individual artist in one year. Meanwhile Columbia still leads in the classics. Its *Switched-On Bach* of late 1968 was the second-best-selling classical album ever put out (after Van Cliburn's recording of Tchaikovsky's *First Piano Concerto*), at just under 1,000,000 copies sold.



COLUMBIA'S DAVIS
Pop go the millions.

pany heads have got to be involved with the artists," Davis says. He began breaking down the barriers between the Establishment corporate head and the young performer, personally seeking out and signing up unknown artists and luring away from rival companies more established stars. What Davis offered them was more control over their own artistic expression than other companies had given them. By the time that his competitors realized what Davis was up to, Columbia—and Atlantic-Warner—had already recruited much of the top talent. Says Davis: "The other companies just got frantic and signed the wrong artists."

From Rock to Bach. While Davis was adding new talent, he also began trimming costs by dropping 100 of the least successful of Columbia's 250 performers. He made two innovations in record pricing. Columbia began charging the same price for mono and stereo records; that led to the phasing out of mono albums and thus reduced company expenses. Next, Davis started the variable pricing technique, adding \$1 to the suggested list price of al-

BANKING The Man Who Cut the Prime

John R. Bunting, president of Philadelphia's First Pennsylvania Banking & Trust Co., says that he wears "the longest hair and widest ties of any banker I know." That is only one reason why he often discomforts conventional colleagues, many of whom rank him second only to Wright Patman, the congressional curmudgeon, as the man they like to dislike. Bunting, a 45-year-old Presbyterian, has publicly castigated other bankers for discriminating against Jews, and has talked of adding youths under 25, consumer crusaders and even militant feminists to First Pennsylvania's board. He has also introduced "Earth Bonds" to finance environmental improvement projects.

Last week he shook up conservatives again by making his bank the first sizable one to cut the prime rate—the basic interest charge on loans to businesses with the best credit ratings—from 8% to 7%. Jokingly, he said that he pared the prime partly because "our bank needs the publicity. We haven't been in the newspapers for quite a while."

Some other bankers grumbled that that was the only reason. They pointed out that interest rates on several forms of corporate borrowing are higher than 8%: interest on long-term, high-quality utility bonds, for example, averages 8.6%. Bankers also thought it illogical—and potentially harmful to bank earnings—that Bunting should reduce the rate at the outset of the heavy seasonal demand for loans to finance Christmas inventories. Said one prominent Manhattan banker: "I think that John is a kind of way-out guy."

Still, there is much logic behind a prime-rate reduction. If the General Mo-

tors strike is prolonged, business-loan demand is likely to soften. In addition, the Federal Reserve Board lately has been pumping more money into the banking system. From July 1 to Sept. 1, the money supply increased at an average annual rate of 8.3%. Some bankers suspect that Federal Reserve Chairman Arthur Burns is expanding the supply rapidly in hopes of bringing down interest rates to help out his fellow Republicans in the November elections. Key short-term interest rates already have fallen. The "federal funds" rate at which banks borrow excess reserves from each other has declined from 8% or 9% earlier this year to 5½% in New York City.

At the same time, the profits of major banks in the New York and Chicago money centers have been rising. Bunting says, for example, that in July



FIRST PENNSYLVANIA'S BUNTING
Shaking up the conservatives.

and August the earnings of First Pennsylvania ran 25% ahead of the preceding year. Meanwhile, the profits of many corporate customers, who must borrow at 8% or more, are falling.

Buoying Stocks. First Pennsylvania's prime cut sent cheer through the business community. The prospect of further relief from the high interest rates that have hurt borrowers for two years was a major reason why the stock market snapped back last week from an early sell-off started by the G.M. strike. California's Bank of America, the largest in the nation, is seriously considering following Bunting in lowering the prime rate to 7½%, perhaps this week. Some Manhattan bankers would not be surprised to see the cut soon become widespread. Bunting predicts that the industry's giants will follow his lead, as they reluctantly did two years ago when First Pennsylvania made a reduction that competitors initially called "premature." He professes to be unconcerned, however, about whether competitors will follow him this time. "If they do not," he says, "we will get more business."

CINEMA

Garlic and Sapphires

The New York Film Festival is a peculiar combination of international notables and geniuses, a show, in T.S. Eliot's phrase, of "garlic and sapphires in the mud." Last week, at its opening, the garlic was very much in evidence. This week some sapphires glint:

Tristana. Like their greatest *paisano*, Picasso, Spanish geniuses have their roots in another century or their homes in another country. Except for that grand exception: Luis Buñuel. The Old Aragonese, 70, has reached a *modus vivendi* with Franco Spain, and returned



REY & DENEUVE IN "TRISTANA"
Composed on a Spanish guitar.

to create in *Tristana* a coda of inexhaustible power and sophistication. Like the world reflected in a convex mirror, every element is in this masterwork—but somehow transfigured and amplified. People are themselves and something other. Even the film's title has a dual meaning: *Tristana* suggests "sadness," and is the name of its heroine, impeccably played by Catherine Deneuve.

Tristana is the ward of a grayling voluptuary, Don Lope (Fernando Rey). Lope is an aristocrat, an atheist and a hypocrite—three distinct personalities that Rey manages to portray simultaneously. As his money and his vigor recede, Don Lope pursues the bewildered girl and overtakes her. Once seduced, *Tristana* is a figure of metastasizing vengeance. When she becomes the mistress of a young artist (Franco Nero), Don Lope shouts in misery, "I prefer tragedy to ridicule..." The girl awards him both. Her flight with the artist is ended by a disease that costs her a leg. Convalescing in the house of her for-

mer guardian, *Tristana* hears Lope, stricken with a heart attack, rattling in his bed. She starts to call a doctor, then lowers the phone to its cradle...

The classic elements of youth and age, jealousy and revenge may seem better suited to opera than to modern film. But Buñuel recognizes no visual or emotional barriers. His scenario seems, rhythmically, to have been composed on the guitar. It traverses wit and melancholy, surrealism and truth without missing a quarter note.

Much of *Tristana's* success lies in the director's scrupulous ambition. Once he was satisfied with the village atheism of *Nazarin* or the facile criticism of *Belle de Jour*. In his 29th film, he is content with nothing less than the face of Spain. Don Lope's backchat with his comrades is an indelible vignette of the inhuman condition, where the aging pick the reputations of their fallen comrades, like buzzards wheeling over cadavers. In the background hover the symbolic figures of deaf-mutes, youths whose voices, like many Spaniards', cannot be heard. Yet *Tristana* is no celluloid editorial. Whatever its impetus, it ends with disguised love. The music of the voices, the soft light, the national tone of resignation illuminate a country of bottomless tradition where even a career anarchist and anticrist like Buñuel must, at last, be overwhelmed by the past.

■ Stefan Kanfer

Chikamatsu Monogatari is one of the last and greatest films by that prodigious Japanese director, the late Kenji Mizoguchi. Renowned as a film maker with an extraordinary understanding of female characters, Mizoguchi in *Chikamatsu* created a memorable male figure, a shy scrollmaker who falls in love with his master's wife. Mizoguchi's genius is in rendering the past (*Chikamatsu* takes place in 17th century Kyoto) with consummate realism.

The scrollmaker and his master's wife are more achingly real and their plight more affectingly familiar than the people and plots of any dozen "contemporary" love stories. One of the supreme Japanese stylists, Mizoguchi composed each shot like a canvas and kept the images on screen long enough for the eye to dwell slowly and lovingly over each of them.

■ Jay Cock

Une Simple Histoire is, very literally indeed, a simple story. Directed by Marcel Hanouin and based on a true incident, the film chronicles the wanderings of a woman and child looking for work and lodging in Paris. This is the only plot, and Hanouin has little interest in embellishing it with background and motivation: he never even makes it clear, for example, whether the woman is the child's mother, guardian or com-

panion. *Une Simple Histoire* is, more than a narrative, a formal stylistic exercise so rigorously disciplined and understated that it makes the visual asceticism of Robert Bresson seem almost Felliniesque by comparison.

There are no exotic camera angles, no intricate camera movements. The woman's misfortunes are put forward through a first-person narration consisting entirely of simple declarative sentences. Unfortunately, rendered in subtitles, this technique occasionally makes the heroine not so much pitiful as mechanical. On-screen, she may begin to melt down a bar of chocolate to mix with some milk for the child and the title will say, "I melted down a bar of chocolate to mix with some milk to give to Sylvie." This kind of redundancy



MOTHER & CHILD IN "HISTOIRE"
Subtitled to death.

threatens at times to retard the action to the point of stasis.

Still, *Une Simple Histoire* is never boring; and mannered as it sometimes may be, Hanouin's unflinching formalism succeeds often enough to make him not just a maverick, but a curious and undeniably compelling film maker.

■ J.C.

The Garden of Delights is actually a botany of depravity in which Spanish Director Carlos Saura sows his bleak vision of mankind's angst and avarice. With an unflinching eye for human evil, and swatches of humor as black as Torquemada's robes, Saura demonstrates that he is a worthy protégé of his idol, Luis Buñuel.

Antonio Como (José Luis López Vázquez) is a once powerful industrialist reduced by an automobile accident to a virtual vegetable in his own garden. His incapacity is pitifully childlike: to entice him to drink his daily milkshake, a servant must first bare her breast. But



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THE THEATER

his mind still functions with chaotic clarity as he fantasizes the possible consequences of his helplessness. He sees himself in his wheelchair careening wildly across the quiet greensward and into the swimming pool; mailed lancers from the picture that covers his office wall safe appear before him and try to ride him down. More harrowing is Antonio's grasp of his family's greed. Prowling around him like jackals sniffing carrion, they probe mercilessly for his Swiss bank account number.

Antonio is partially snapped back to reality by hearing a recording of a fraudulently liberal speech he once delivered to his workers. As he returns to his place at the head of the company's conference table, though, he can do no better than recite his previous year's speech to the board of directors. He cannot even successfully kill his petulant wife, who laughs at him as he tries to push her from a rowboat crying, "An American Tragedy!" He ultimately realizes that he can never recover amid such macabre people—all of whom are as crippled spiritually as he is physically.

• Mark Goodman

Street Scenes 1970. Visually, aurally, this documentary is acute enough to be sealed in a cornerstone. Psychologically, philosophically, it is another kind of souvenir altogether. *Street Scenes* could serve the next century as a unilaterally disarming record of those wretched days in May following the Kent State tragedy. After ritual footage of William Kunstler expounding on youth as savior and David Dellinger paranoiacally linking the Mafia with the Federal Government, Director Martin Scorsese zeroes in on the futile confrontations of street people and straights, hardhats and soldiers and peace marchers.

The reportage of construction workers savaging students is an indelible segment of war film. Its hasty sketches of street debate tell more about polarized America than a thousand editorials. Polemics boom at one another, scoring in a game with no referees. Full of heat, devoid of compassion, they become like radios facing one another, all tuned to different stations.

What then is so wrong with *Street Scenes*? Principally, its inability to comprehend. It is openly empathetic with the students, but it gives them no voice except to shout slogans. Its sound track puts down "dinky little secretaries," who will not take a day off to protest the war. It milks easy laughs from those classic villains, the know-nothing cab driver and the harried postman. To be sure, the film eventually recognizes its own faults. "We can't reach the working people," concludes one of the crew. But acknowledging blindness does not grant vision; diagnosis is no cure. Alien to the laborers it cannot hope to convince, preacher to the converted, *Street Scenes* is, in essence, no more than a smoothly edited student film. As such, it must be graded: B-.

• S.K.

Old Cowhand

The stage is almost bare. A few props rivet the playgoer's eye: an ancient desk piled high with books and yesterday's newspapers, a sawhorse with a Western saddle draped over it, a picture of a turn-of-the-century cowboy. Suddenly, a lecturer appears. He wears a coat. As he sheds the coat, he reveals to the audience that he is performing the eternal theatrical ritual, dropping the mask, assuming the myth, becoming the man. He pulls out a bandana and ties it around his neck. He gives his forelock a forward tug. Bowed of leg, lariat twirling, stetson arched back over his forehead and shy grin. It is Will Rogers.

The name summons up fond and durable memories: the gum-chewing philosopher of humor, the man of homely common sense that somehow added up to uncommon wisdom. Out of it he fashioned not one, but a half-dozen careers—rodeo bronco rider, walk-on humorist (before the phrase had even been invented), Ziegfeld Follies headliner, movie star, radio commentator, newspaper columnist—a one-man galaxy of talent. He lives again on the stage of Washington, D.C.'s Ford Theatre in a gifted recreation by James Whitmore in a show appropriately titled *Will Rogers' U.S.A.*

No Malice. Unlike Hal Holbrook in his *Mark Twain Tonight*, Whitmore does not attempt to achieve a flesh-tinted, bone-perfect reproduction of Rogers, nor does he even speak with Rogers' casual, careless Oklahoma drawl. What he tries for, and succeeds in evoking, is a psychic affinity with the wit of the Western corral, a man whose comic spirit always had a visible edge but no sting of malice, a man who could toss off a one-liner like, "I could have gone to West Point, but I was too proud to talk to a Congressman."

Much of Rogers' impact came from his delivery, and Whitmore has mastered that perfect timing: "We've got the best politicians in the country [pause] that money can buy." Not surprisingly, Rogers' political sallies have a particular savor for a Washington audience: "When you straddle an issue, it takes a lot more explaining." Or, "My little jokes don't hurt anybody, but when Congress makes a joke, it's a law." The biggest laugh of the evening erupted on his comment about Calvin Coolidge: "When he was Vice President, he done the right thing—he kept his mouth shut!"

Some humor dates in an almost embarrassing way. Not so the humor of Will Rogers—at least as it has been assembled and edited by Director Paul Shyre and Associate Producer Bryan Sterling. Though Rogers commented on daily events and the doings of petty men, he saw things in the larger perspective of man as the eternal presumptuous ape, full of folly, and pomposity and greed, yet strangely lovable. He forged a link between every human being by reminding us that for better or for worse, we are all stuck with our foolish, fumbling selves. Some of Rogers' humor has a peculiarly pertinent contemporaneity as when he chides the



ROGERS IN 1914

Stuck with our foolish, fumbling selves.

WHITMORE

Federal Government for its ignoble abuse of the Indians (he was part Cherokee), or when he speaks, gently but tellingly, of his hatred of war.

A quality in the inner being of Will Rogers forced him to speak out about such things. He had something warmer than blood in his veins—an openhanded generosity, an unstinting friendliness, a native courtesy that embraced with equal grace the lordly and the lowly.

Rogers died in a plane crash at Point Barrow, Alaska, in 1935, along with the globe-girdling pilot, Wiley Post. In the nostalgia of Whitmore's performance, it is refreshing to be reminded of a time when a man who had amassed millions could scuff his toes at success and say quite simply, "Shucks, I was just an old cowhand that had a bit of luck."

• Neil MacNeil

BOOKS

Angels and Artifacts

PROFESSIONAL SECRETS, *An Autobiography of Jean Cocteau*, edited by Robert Phelps. Translated by Richard Howard. 331 pages. Farrar, Straus & Giroux. \$8.50.

COCTEAU by Francis Steegmuller. 583 pages. Atlantic-Little, Brown. \$12.50.

He sometimes liked to sign himself Jean l'Oiseleur—Jean the bird-tamer—and he was indeed rather like a hummingbird darting among the arts. He was a poet and a painter, a novelist and a dramatist, a film director and a ballet scenarist, a designer of posters, pottery, tapestries, neckties, mosaics and jewelry. Most of all he was Cocteau. He considered "invisibility a *sine qua non* of elegance," but he had a genius for publicity and his elegant features were among the most photographed in France. That, combined with the versatility that irritated cultural clothespin carvers, caused Cocteau to be taken too lightly far too often.

Now a pair of excellent new books make it easier to evaluate him. Steegmuller has done a meticulous biography that succeeds particularly well in depicting the Paris Cocteau bemused as well as the man himself. But because Cocteau writes the way a water spider skims across a pond, *Professional Secrets* is more of a delight. Like Phelps' *Earthly Paradise* about Colette, it is an *à la carte* autobiography stitched together from Cocteau's work with intelligence and unabashed admiration.

In both portraits Cocteau seems totally contemporary. One feels that if he were to step through a mirror tomorrow, like the characters in *Orphée*, he could sail on smoothly through the '70s. He had a gift for improvisation and clear-eyed enthusiasm for new things. Possibly only Ezra Pound needed Cocteau in the ability to recognize what was valuable in novelty. When he began his career in 1908, he was a salon poet to the *Belle Époque* society of Faubourg St.-Honoré. Discovering that there was a creative revolution going on across the Seine in Montparnasse, he grasped its significance and once immersed himself in the Cubists, the Futurists and the Cubists.

When he collaborated on a ballet or opera, it was with the likes of Picasso, Stravinsky, Dufy or Milhaud usually before their reputations had peaked. In films (*The Blood of a Poet*, *Beauty and the Beast*) and the ballet (*Parade*, *Le Train Bleu*), his work practically defined the avant-garde. But if he rode nearly every *nouvelle vague* of

French culture for 50 years, he knew when to get off as well as get on. When the Dadaists were blithering their way into oblivion after World War I, he and his adored friend Raymond Radiguet were shrewd enough to realize that "we must write poems and novels like everybody else"—though at the time, traditional forms were what practically nobody else was bothering to use.

Steegmuller reports that Cocteau copied his conversational style from the torrential monologues of Vicomtesse Anna de Noailles, who kept an elegant salon on the Right Bank, but his one-liners are unforgettable. To wit:



COCTEAU AS A BLIND POET (c. 1949)
Like a water spider crossing a pond.

On Charlie Chaplin: "With his help the Tower of Babel would certainly have been finished."

On Freud: "A modest housebreaker: he absconded with a few mediocre pieces of furniture and some erotic photographs."

On Proust: "In that stifling room we watched a toiling hive in which the thousand bees of memory manufactured their honey."

In his rather reticent way, Proust liked Cocteau and understood him. He once told him he wished "for something to happen that would isolate you, so that after a sufficiently long period of fasting you might again really hunger after those beautiful books, beautiful pictures, beautiful countries that you now skim over with the lack of appetite of someone who has spent all New Year's Day making a round of vis-

its, each complete with *marrons glacés*."

It was never to happen. Cocteau hungered after the friendship of the men whose greatness he recognized. Unfortunately, as he well knew, he was a man who "weeps because the very seals in the zoo aren't crazy about him." Friends tired of his flattery and aggressive bids for attention, Stravinsky called him "an embarrassing young man"; Picasso concluded that he was "the tail of my comet."

At least one young genius returned Cocteau's unbridled affection. Raymond Radiguet was 14 when he began his conquest of literary Paris. Cocteau sponsored him, fell in love with him and, as he never tired of boasting, locked him up in a room to make him relinquish alcohol in favor of ink. The result was the minor classic *Devil in the Flesh*. But shortly after the book's triumphant publication in 1920, Radiguet died of typhoid. He was not yet 21.

Cocteau was never whole again. He tried everything from other boys to the sacraments, but the twin solaces turned out to be opium and work. He puffed on the pipes on and off for the rest of his life. In a befogged period of the '20s, he retired to Villefranche and spent his days staring in the mirror and drawing his own picture. Intermittent cures were painful and ineffectual. During one, he wrote: "In my legs there is a queue of ten thousand people standing waiting for the opening of ticket windows that don't open." Yet he was never idle. As Phelps points out, he published 20 books between 1924 and 1929, perhaps his heaviest addictive years.

He continued as an awesome artistic conglomerate until he died in 1963. His beautifully written bestselling novel *Les Enfants Terribles* (1930) gave French youngsters the much prized sense of separateness and alienation that Salinger and Dylan gave to later generations. His

movies, made as avant-garde experiments, have become art cinema classics.

Despite Cocteau's creative exuberance, there is no one work or art form for which he will be especially remembered. Rilke once said that his work "admits to the realm of myth, and he returns from its radiance aglow, as from the seashore." Cocteau was a myth-maker, retreating again and again to myths and fables—Orpheus, Oedipus, Antigone. Angels abound in his writing and painting. He wanted to enchant his audience rather than move them to pity and terror. "I want the kind of readers who remain children at any cost." He would have been delighted with Auden's simple epitaph: "The lasting feeling that his work leaves is one of happiness."

■ Martha Duffy

F.D.R. in Wartime

ROOSEVELT: THE SOLDIER OF FREEDOM
by James MacGregor Burns. 722 pages.
Harcourt Brace Jovanovich, \$10.

This book concludes a two-part biography begun 14 years ago with the publication of *Roosevelt: The Lion and the Fox*, a brilliant, admiring portrait of F.D.R. The first book focused sharply on the peculiar combination of idealism, political instinct and guile that allowed F.D.R. to bend events to his will in the exciting days of the various New Deals. *The Soldier of Freedom* necessarily takes a broader world view with far less penetrating results. Huge chunks of the book turn out to be rewrites of World War II history. Roosevelt is wheeled on and off the world stage; he never really dominates it. Although he presided over the mightiest military forces ever assembled, the skills that Roosevelt refined so remarkably in the domestic arena of the 1930s were not quite enough to let him control the conduct of a global war.

In 1941, the international balance was full of imponderables and uncertainties. But, Burns writes, "Roosevelt did not perceive them in this kind of systematic, categorized frame. He still preferred to deal with situations piecemeal, plucking the day's problem out of the tangle of events." Roosevelt's weaknesses in international dealings showed most obviously later, in his attempts to handle Joseph Stalin—but they were evident almost from the beginning. Convinced that the fall of Britain would be a disaster for the U.S., he seemed uncertain about what he could or should do to prevent it. Burns describes F.D.R. making up his mind bit by bit, never getting too far ahead of most of his own constituents; indeed, the White House was desperately scanning public-opinion polls long before that practice became a norm of presidential behavior under Lyndon Johnson. "I am

waiting to be pushed into the situation," Roosevelt confided to Henry Morgenthau Jr. in 1941.

Perhaps the President's main failing lay in the buoyant optimism that had served a discouraged U.S. so well in the depressed 1930s. Always he had "confidence in his ability to persuade people face to face." In 1941, he would have liked to arrange a Pacific rendezvous with Japan's Premier Fumimaro Konoye, failing to comprehend (as Burns puts it) "that there were few misunderstandings between the two countries, only differences." Later, with the U.S. formally at war in Europe as well as Asia, he failed to perceive that the same observation would have applied just as well to the U.S. and the U.S.S.R.

At home, Burns asserts, Roosevelt's wartime administration "never freed itself of the prod and aura of crisis." For much of this F.D.R. was personally responsible: "The White House became a conciliation office, mediation board, arbitration court, all in one. And it was not well equipped for this function." Reacting to the flow of problems, F.D.R. developed a habit of creating agencies with overlapping functions. The result was "hell on his subordinates," as Secretary of War Henry Stimson grumbled almost daily in his diary. Accustomed to specific delegations of power and orderly staff work, Stimson, like many of his wartime colleagues, was often puzzled by the President's free-wheeling methods. As U.S. chargé d'affaires in Lisbon in 1943, George Kennan, involved in a complex negotiation with the Portuguese government about U.S. bases in the Azores, was astounded to have Roosevelt tell him: "Oh, don't worry about all those people over there"—meaning the entire Pentagon.

Yet, somehow it worked. The reason why is explained in one of Burns' paragraphs on F.D.R.'s one supreme gift as a war leader, the acquisition and the use of talent: "As much by some un-

erring instinct as by observation and insight, the President had made a host of brilliant appointments by mid-war. Hopkins, Smith in the presidential office, Stimson, Marshall, Patterson in War, Forrestal in Navy... Eisenhower, Nimitz, MacArthur in the field—these men were not only instruments of a President's purpose but also adornments of a public service."

Burns illuminates various corners of Roosevelt's complex political personality; he was far from being an active civil libertarian at home. In an age accustomed to marches on Washington, it now seems strange that F.D.R. discouraged black militancy and seemed genuinely alarmed at the prospect of a fairly innocuous Negro march, which was called off at the last minute in 1941. "What would happen," the President asked, "if Irish and Jewish people were to march on Washington?"

Yet what little Roosevelt saw of poverty in Africa impressed him greatly and probably reinforced his pessimistic views of colonialism. At any rate, he did not hesitate to interfere brashly with his Allies' postwar plans. "Only a President with Rooseveltian self-confidence," Burns writes, "would have even dared touch the Indian cauldron in the early months of 1942"—a time when the Battle of the Atlantic was far from won.

"We can gain no lasting peace," Roosevelt was to say in his fourth inaugural address in January 1945, "if we approach it with suspicion and mistrust—or with fear." It was in that spirit that the President had confronted Joseph Stalin at Teheran in late 1943 and later at Yalta. Sensibly enough, Burns makes no extensive effort to justify Roosevelt's misjudgment of the Soviet dictator's reasonableness. He shows the President in private meetings trying to soften up Stalin with mildly anti-British statements and, along with Churchill, helping to wrest from him a few paper concessions about free elections in post-war Poland. At Yalta, though, Burns asserts, F.D.R.'s failure was not the result of ignorance, naiveté, illness or perfidy—all of which have been suggested by hostile historians—but of the realities of the power situation and Roosevelt's own priorities. His major concerns were securing Russian agreement about the establishment of the United Nations and guaranteeing Soviet entry into the war against Japan, rather than trying to save an Eastern Europe that had already been lost. By the time the Yalta talks took place the Red Army had rolled past Warsaw and no signed document was going to roll it back.

One of the men Roosevelt hated most was Charles A. Lindbergh, who, during the 1941 lend-lease debate, testified: "I do not believe we are strong enough to impose our way of life on Europe and on Asia." Lindbergh's prediction has turned out to be uncomfortably close to the truth.



ROOSEVELT WITH STALIN AT TEHRAN IN 1943

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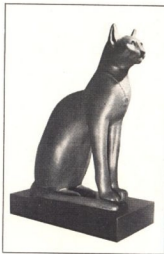
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Goodbye to All That

THE HONOURS BOARD by Pamela Hansford Johnson. 316 pages. Scribners. \$6.95.

For literature at least, it is a blessing that the British Labor Party has not yet succeeded in doing away with that bastion of upper-class pain and privilege, the British public school. From Thomas Hughes to Kipling and Orwell, from Harold Nicolson to Robert Graves and Anthony Powell, a succession of British men of letters have devastatingly recollected in tranquillity the fagging and the field sports, the pleasures of playing up and the dark night of a sensitive soul fallen among rugger-bugger philistines.

Pamela Hansford Johnson, in real life the wife of C.P. Snow, can hardly be described as an old boy. Still, she has contrived a remarkably deft version of a peculiarly masculine genre. Downs Park is a prep school—a staging area from which very little boys can go on to the public schools. Perhaps predictably, the school's most gifted master turns out to be a thoughtful, non-U escapee from a technical college. Yet academic clichés and characters alike flash into brief, tantalizing existence, in part because the author talks about them in a tone of voice which hovers suggestively between satiric irony and compassion.

What really sets this miniature exercise apart, though, is Pamela Hansford Johnson's perception of a sad pedagogical truth. Any good school is a delicately balanced work of civilization as febrile and vulnerable as a colony of hummingbirds. The private vice of a matron, the loss of a particularly gifted student, the departure of even one fond teacher can alter it decisively—for the worse.

■ Timothy Foaie

Best Sellers

FICTION

1. Love Story, Segal (1 last week)
2. The Crystal Cave, Stewart (2)
3. The Secret Woman, Holt (3)
4. Great Lion of God, Caldwell (4)
5. Deliverance, Dickey
6. The French Lieutenant's Woman, Fowles (5)
7. Play It As It Lays, Didion (6)
8. Bec: A Book, Updike (7)
9. Calico Palace, Bristow (8)
10. God Is an Englishman, Delderfield (10)

NONFICTION

1. The Sensuous Woman, "J" (1)
2. Everything You Always Wanted to Know about Sex, Reuben (2)
3. Body Language, Fast (6)
4. Zelda, Milford (4)
5. Inside the Third Reich, Speer (3)
6. Ball Four, Bouton (5)
7. Up the Organization, Townsend (7)
8. The Wall Street Jungle, Ney (10)
9. Human Sexual Inadequacy, Masters and Johnson (8)
10. Sexual Politics, Millet (9)

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